

THE
GENTLE SHEPHERD:

A
SCOTS PASTORAL COMEDY.

BY
ALLAN RAMSAT.

*O bonny are our greenward bowers,
Whar, thro' the birks, the burny rowes,
And the bee hums, and the ox lows,
And soft winds rustle,
And SHEPHERD LADS on sunny knaws
Blaw the blyth rebuffs.*

DUNDEE:

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THE PERSONS.

M E N.

Sir William Worthy.

Patie, *the Gentle Shepherd, in love with Peggy.*

Roger, *a rich young shepherd, in love with Jenny.*

Symon, } *two old shepherds, tenants to Sir William.*
Glaud, }

Bauldy, *a bynd engaged with Neps.*

W O M E N.

Peggy, *thought to be Glaud's niece.*

Jenny, *Glaud's only daughter.*

Mause, *an old woman, supposed to be a witch.*

Elspa, *Symon's Wife.*

Madge, *Glaud's Sister.*

SCENE—A Shepherd's Village and Fields some few miles from Edinburgh.

Time of action within twenty-four hours.

First act begins at eight in the morning.

Second act begins at eleven in the forenoon.

Third act begins at four in the afternoon.

Fourth act begins at nine o'clock at night.

Fifth act begins by day light next morning.



THE
GENTLE SHEPHERD.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*Beneath the southside of a craigy bield,
Where ehry stal springs the balesome waters yield;
Twa youths' shepherds on the gowans lay,
Tending their flocks o' bonny morn o' May.
Poor Roger grants till hollow echoes ring,
But blyther Patie likes to laugh and sing.*

PATIE and ROGER.

SANG I.—Tune, *The Wawking of the Faulds.*

PATIE Sings.

MY Peggy is a young thing,
Just enter'd in her teens,
Fair as the day, and sweet as May
Fair as the day, and always gay.
My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm not very auld,
Yet wiel I like to meet her at
The wawking of the fauld.
My Peggy speaks fae sweetly,
Whene'er we meet alane,
I wish nae mair to lay my care,
I wish nae mair o' a' that's rare,
My Peggy speaks fae sweetly,
To a' the leave I'm cauld:
But she gars a' my spirits glow
At wawking of the fauld.
My Peggy smiles fae kindly,
Whene'er I whisper love,
That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down upon a crown:
My Peggy smiles fae kindly,
It makes me blyth and bauld;
And naething gi'es me sic delight
As wawking of the fauld.
My Peggy sings fae fastly,
When on my pipe I plays
By a' the rest it is confest,
By a' the rest that she sings best.
My Peggy sings fae fastly,
And in her sangs are tald,
Wi' innocence, the wale of sense,
At wawking of the fauld.

THIS sunny morning, Roger, cheers my blood;
 And puts a' nature in a jovial mood.
 How heartsome 'tis to see the rising plants,
 To hear the birds chirm o'er their pleasant rants;
 How hale some 'tis to snuff the cawler air,
 And a' the sweets it bears when void of care!
 What ails thee, Roger, then? what gars thee grane?
 Tell me the cause of thy ill-season'd pain.

Roger. I'm born, O Patie, to a thrawart fate!
 I'm born to strive wi' hardships sad and great.
 Tempests may cease to jaw the rowand flood,
 Corbies and tods to grien for lambkins' blood;
 But I, opprest wi' never ending grief,
 Maun ay despair of lighting on relief.

Pat. The bees shall loath the flow'r, & quit the hive,
 The faughs on boggy ground shall cease to thrive.
 Ere scornfu' queans, or loss of worldly gear,
 Shal spill my rest, or ever force a tear.

Rog. Sae might I say: but it's no easy done,
 By ane whase saul's sae sadly out of tune.
 Ye ha'e sae fast a voice, and slid a tongue,
 You are the darling of baith auld and young.
 If I but ettle at a sang, or speak,
 They dit their lugs, syne up their leglens cleek,
 And jeer me hameward frae the loan or bught,
 While I'm confas'd wi' mony a vexing thought:
 Yet I am tall, and 'as wiel built as thee,
 Nor mair unlikely to a lass's eye.
 For ilka sheep ye hae, I'll number ten,
 And should, as ane may think, come fater ben.

Pat. But ablins, nibour, ye hae not a heart,
 And downa eithly wi' your cunzie part:
 If that be true, what signifies your gear?
 A mind that's scrimpit never wants some care.

Rog. My byar tumbl'd, nine braw nout were smoor'd.
 Three elf shot were, yet I these ills endur'd:
 In winter last my cares were very sma',
 Tho' scores of wathers perish'd in the snaw.

Pat. Were your bein rooms as thinly stock'd as mine,
 Less you wad lose, and less you wad repine.
 He that has just enough can soundly sleep,
 The o'ercome only fashies souk to keep.

Rog. May plenty flow upon thee for a cross,
 That thou may'st thole the pangs of mony a loss:
 O may'st thou dote on some fair paughty wench,
 That ne'er will lout, thy lowan drowth to quench:
 'Till, bris'd beneath the burden, thou cry dool!
 And awn that ane may fret that is nae fool.

Pat. Sax good fat lambs, I sauld them ilka clut,
 At the West Port, and bought a winsome flute,
 Of plum-tree made, wi' iv'ry virles round,
 A dainty whistle wi' a pleasant sound:
 I'll be mair canty wi't, and ne'er cry dool,
 Than you, wi' a' your cash, ye dowie fool.

Rog. Na, Patie, na! I'm nae sic churlish beast,
 Some ither thing lies heavier at my breast:
 I dream'd a dreary dream this hinder night,
 That gars my flesh a' creep yet wi' the fright.

Pat. Now, to a friend, how silly's this pretence,
 To ane wha you and a' your secrets kens;
 Daft are your dreams, as daftly wad you hide
 Your wiel seen love, and dorty Jenny's pride.
 Tak' courage, Roger, me your sorrows tell,
 And safely think nane kens them but yoursell.

Rog. Indeed now, Patie, ye have guess'd o'er true,
 And there is naething I'll keep up frae you;
 Me dorty Jenny looks upon a squint,
 To speak but till her I dare hardly mint:
 In ilka place she jeers me air and late,
 And gars me look bombaz'd and unco blate;
 But yesterday I met her 'yont a know,
 She fled as frae a shelly-coated kow.
 She Bauldy loes, Bauldy that drives the car,
 But gecks at me, and says I smell o' tar.

Pat. But Bauldy loes not her, right wiel I wat,
 He sighs for Neps;—Sae that may stand for that.

Rog. I wish I cou'dna lo'e her—but in vain,
 I still maun doat, and thole her proud disdain.
 My Bawty is a cur I dearly like,
 E'en while he fawn'd, she strak the poor dumb tyke,
 If I had fill'd a nook within her breast.
 She wad have shawn mair kindness to my beast.
 When I begin to tune my stock and horn,
 Wi' a' her face she shaws a cauld rife scorn.
 Last night I play'd, ye never heard sic spite,
 O'er *Bogie* was the spring, and her delyte:
 Yet, tauntingly, she at her cousin speer'd,
 Gif she could tell what tune I play'd, and sneer'd.
 Flocks, wander where ye like, I dinna care,
 I'll break my reed, and never whistle mair.

Pat. E'en do sae, Roger, wha can help missluck!
 Saebiens she be sic a thrawn gabbet chuck,
 Yonder's a craig; since ye ha'e tint all hope,
 Gae til't your wa's, and tak' the lover's lowp.

Rog. I needna mak sic speed my blood to spill;
 I'll warrant death come soon enough a will.

Pat. Daft gowk! leave aff that silly whinging way;
 Seem careless, there's my hand ye'll win the day.
 Hear how I serv'd my lass I loe as wiel
 As ye do Jenny, and wi' heart as leel.
 Last morning I was gay and early out,
 Upon a dyke I lean'd, glowing about;
 I saw my Meg come linkan o'er the lee;
 I saw my Meg, but Meggy saw na me;
 For yet the sun was wading thro' the mist,
 And she was close upon me e'er she wilt;
 Her coats wer kiltit, and did sweetly shaw
 Her straight-bare legs, that whiter were than snaw;
 Her cockernonny snooded up fu sleek,
 Her hassiet locks hang waving on her cheek;
 Her cheeks sae ruddy, and her een sae clear;
 And O! her mouth's like ony hinny pear.
 Neat, neat she was, in bustline waistcoat clean;
 As she came skiffing o'er the dewy green.

Blythsome, I cry'd, My bonny Meg, come here,
 I ferly wherefore ye're sae soon asteer?
 But I can guess ye're gawn to gather dew;
 She scour'd awa', and said, What's that to you?
 Then fare ye wiel, Meg Dorts, and e'en's ye like,
 I careles cry'd, and lap in o'er the dyke.
 I trow, when that she saw, within a crack,
 She came wi' a right thieveless errand back;
 Misca'd me first,—then bauld me hound my dog,
 To wear up three waff ews stray'd on the bog.
 I leugh; and sae did she; then wi' great haste
 I clasp'd my arms about her neck and waist,
 About her yielding waist, and took a fourth
 Of sweetest kisses frae her glowing mouth.
 While hard and fast I held her in my grips,
 My very faul came lowping to my lips.
 Sair, sair she flet wi' me 'tween ilka smack,
 But wiel I kend she meant na as she spak'.
 Dear Roger, when your jo puts on her gloom,
 Do ye sae roo, and never fash your thumb.
 Seem to forsake her, soon she'll change her mood;
 Gae wo anither, and she'll gang clean wood.

SANG II. Tune, *Fy gar rub her o'er wi' strae.*

Dear Roger, if your Jenny geck,
 And answer kindness wi' a slight,
 Seem unconcern'd at her neglect;
 For women in a man delight:
 But them despise who're soon defeat,
 And wi' a simple face gi'e way
 To a repulse—then be not bleat,
 Push boldly on, and win the day.
 When maidens, innocently young,
 Say aften what they do not mean;
 Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongues,
 But tent the language of their eens.
 If these agree, and she persist
 To answer all your love wi' hate,
 Seek elsewhere to be better blest;
 And let her sigh when 'tis too late.

Rog Kind Patie, now fair-fa' your honest heart,
 Ye're ay sae cadgy, and ha'e sic an art.

To hearten ane: For now, as clean's a leek,
 Ye've cherish'd me since ye began to speak.
 Sae, for your pains, I'll mak' you a propine,
 (My mither, rest her saul! she made it fine;)
 A tartain plaid, spun of good hawflock woo,
 Scarlet and green the sets, the borders blue:
 Wi' sprains like gowd and filler, cross'd wi' black;
 I never had it yet upon my back
 Wiel are ye wordy o't wha ha'e sae kind
 Red up my ravel'd doubts, and clear'd my mind.

Pat. Wiel, ha'd ye there.—and since ye've frankly
 To me a present of your braw new plaid, (made
 My flute's be your's, and she too that's sae nice,
 Shall come a-will, gif ye'll tak' my advice.

Rog. As ye advise, I'll promise to observ't;
 But ye maun keep the flute, ye best deserv't,
 Now tak' it out, and gie's a boony spring;
 For I'm in tist to hear you play and sing.

Pat. But first we'll tak' a turn up to the height,
 And see gif a' our flocks be feeding right:
 Be that time bannocks, and a shave of cheese,
 Will mak' a breakfast that a laird might please,
 Might please the daintiest gabs, were they sae wise
 To season meat wi' health instead of spice.
 When we ha'e ta'en the grace-drink at this well,
 I'll whistle fine, and sing t'ye like mysell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*A flowerie bowen between twa verdant braes,
 Where lassies use to waik and spread their claithe,
 A trotting burnie wimpling thro' the ground,
 Its channel pebbles, shining smooth and round:
 Here view twa barefoot beauties clean and cleare.
 First please your eye, next gratify your ear:
 While Jenny what she wisbes discommends,
 And Meg wi' better sense true love defends.*

PEGGY and JENNY.

Jenny

COME Meg, let's fa' to wark upon this green,
 This shining day will bleach our linen clean;

The water's clear, the list unclouded blue,
Will mak' them like a lily wet wi' dew.

Peg. Gae farer up the burn to Habbie's how,
Where a' the sweets of spring and summer grow:
Between twa birks, out o'er a little lin,
The water fa's and maks a singan din;
A pool breast deep, beneath as clear as glass,
Kisses with easy whirls the bord'ring grats;
We'll end our washing while the morning's cool;
And when the day grows het, we'll to the pool,
There wash ourselfs—'Tis healthful now in May,
And sweetly cauler on-so warm a day.

Jen. Daft lassie, when we're naked, what'll ye say,
Gif our twa herds come brattling down the brae,
And see us sae? That jeering fallow Pate,
Wad taunting say, Haith lasses, ye're no blate.

Peg. We're far frae ony road, and out o' sight;
The lads they're feeding far beyont the height;
But tell me now, dear Jenny, we're our lane,
What gars you plague your wooer wi' disdain;
The neighbours a' tent this as well as I,
That Roger loes ye, yet ye care na by.
What ails ye at him? troth between us twa,
He's wordy you the best day e'er ye saw.

Jen. I dinna like him, Peggy, there's an end:
A herd mair sheepish yet I never kend;
He kaims his hair indeed, and gaes right snug,
Wi' ribbon knots at his blue bonnet lug;
Whilk pensily he wears a thought a-jee.
And spreads his garters dic'd beneath his knee;
He faulds his o'erlay down his breast wi' care,
And sew gangs trigger to the kirk or fair,
For a' that, he can neither sing nor say,
Except, *How dye?*—or, *There's a bonny day.*

Peg. Ye dash the lad wi' constant slighting pride,
Hatred for love is unco fair to bide?
But ye'll repent ye, if his love grow cauld;
What like's a dorty maiden when she's auld?

Like dawted wean, that tarrows at it's meat,
 That for some feckless whim will orp and greet;
 The lave laugh at it, till the dinner's past,
 And syne the fool thing is oblig'd to fast,
 Or scart anither s leavings at the last. }

SANG III.—Tune, *Polwart on the Green*.

The dorty will repent,
 If lover's heart grow cauld,
 And nane her smiles will tent,
 Soon as her face looks auld.
 The dawted bairn thus tak's the pet,
 Nor eats tho' hunger crave,
 Whimpers and tarrows at it's meat,
 And's laught at by the lave.
 They jest it till the dinner's past;
 Thus by itself abus'd,
 The fool thing is oblig'd to fast.
 Or eat what they've refus'd.

Fy! Jenny, think, and dinna sit your time.

Jen. I never thought a single life a crime.

Peg. Nor I;—but love in whispers let's us ken,
 That men were made for us, and we for men.

Jen. If Roger is my jo, he kens himsell;
 For sic a tale I never heard him tell.
 He glows and sighs, and I can guess the cause;
 But wha's oblig'd to spell his hums and haws?
 Whene'er he likes to tell his mind mair plain,
 I'll tell him frankly ne'er to do't again.
 They're fools that slavery like, and may be free;
 The chieils may a' knit up themselves for me.

Peg. Be doing your wa's, for me, I have a mind
 To be as yielding as my Patie's kind.

Jen. Heh lass! how can ye lo'e that rattle-scall,
 A very de'il that ay maun ha'e his will?
 We'll soon hear tell what a poor fighting life
 You twa will lead, sae soon's ye're man and wife.

Peg. I'll rin the risk, nor ha'e I ony fear,
 But rather think ilk langsome day a year,
 Till I wi' pleasure mount my bridal bed,
 Where on my Patie's breast I'll lean my head.

There we may kiss as lang as kissing's good,
 And what we do, there's nane dare call it rude.
 He's get his will. Why no? 'tis good my part
 To gi'e him that, and he'll gi'e me his heart.

Jen. He may indeed for ten or fifteen days
 Mak' meikle o' ye, wi' an unco fraise,
 And daut ye baith afore fouk, and your lane:
 But soon as his newfangleness is gane,
 He'll look upon you as his tether-stake,
 And think he's tint his freedom for your sake.
 Instead then of lang days of sweet delyte,
 Ae day be dumb, and a' the neist he'll flyte:
 And may be, in his banlikhoods, ne'er stick
 To lend his loving wife a loundering lick.

SANG IV. Tune, *O dear Mither, what shall I do.*

O dear Peggy, love's beguiling,
 We ought not to trust his smiling;
 Better far to do as I do,
 Lest a harder luck betide you.
 Lasses, when their fancy's carry'd,
 Think of nought but to be marry'd;
 Running to a life destroys
 Heartsome, free, and youthfu' joys.

Peg. Sic coarse-spun thoughts as thae want pith to
 My settl'd mind; Im o'er far gane in love. [move
 Patie to me is dearer than my breath,
 But want of him I dread nae other skaith.
 There's nane o' a' the herds that tread the green
 Has sic a smile, or sic twa glancing een:
 And then he speaks wi' sic a taking art,
 His words they thirle like music thro' my heart;
 How blythly can he sport, and gently rave,
 And jest at feckless fears that fright the lave.
 Ilk day that he's alane upon the hill,
 He reads fell books that teach him meikle skill;
 He is—but what need I say that or this,
 I'd spend a month to tell ye what he is!
 In a' he says or does, there's sic a gate,
 The rest seem coofs compar'd wi' my dear Pate.

'His better sense will lang his love secure;
 Ill nature hefts in fauls that's weak and poor.

SANG V. Tune, *How can I be sad on my wedding-day.*

How shall I be sad when a husband I ha'e,
 That has better sense than ony of thae.
 Sour weak silly fellows, that study like fools,
 To sink their ain joy, and make their wives snools.
 The man who is prudent ne'er lightlies his wife,
 Or wi' dull reproaches encourages strife;
 He praises her virtues, and ne'er will abuse
 Her for a small failing, but find an excuse.

Jen. Hey, *Bonny Lass of Branksome*, or't be lang,
 Your witty Pate will put you in a sang.
 O 'tis a pleasant thing to be a bride;
 Syne whinging getts about your ingle-side,
 Yelping for this or that wi' fashcous din:
 To mak' them brats then ye maun toil and spin,
 Ae wean fa's sick, and scads itsell wi' brue,
 Ane breaks his shin, anither tines his shoe.
 The *De'il gaes o'er John Webster*, hame grows hell,
 When Pate misca's ye war than tongue can tell.

Peg. Yes, 'tis a heartsome thing to be a wife,
 When round the ingle-edge young sprouts are rise.
 Gif I'm sae happy, I shall hae delight
 To hear their little plaints, and keep them right.
 Wow, Jenny! can there greater pleasure be
 Than see sic wee tots toolying at your knee;
 When a' they ettle at—their greatest wish,
 Is to be made of, and obtain a kiss?
 Can there be toil in tenting day and night
 The like o' them, when love mak's care delight?

Jen. But poortith, Peggy, is the warst of a',
 Gif o'er your heads ill chance should begg'ry draw:
 But little love or canty chear can come
 Frae duddy doublets, and a pantry toom.
 Your nowt may die—the spate may bear away
 Frae aff the howms your dainty rucks of hay—
 The thick-blawn wreaths of snaw, or blasby thows,
 May smoor your wathers, and may rot your cws;

A dyvour buys your butter, woo, and cheese,
 But, or the day of payment, breaks and flees.
 Wi' glooman brow, the laird seeks in his rent:
 'Tis no to gi'e: your merchants to the bent;
 His honour mauna want; he poinds your gear:
 Syne, driven frae house and hald, where will ye steer?
 Dear Meg, be wise, and live a single life;
 Troth, 'tis nae mows to be a married wife.

Peg. May sic ill luck befa' that silly she
 Wha has sic fears, for that was never me.
 Let souk bode wiel, and strive to do their best;
 Nae mair's requir'd; let Heaven mak' out the rest.
 I've heard my honest uncle aften say,
 That lads should a' for wives that's virtuous pray;
 For the maist thrifty man cou'd never get
 A wiel stor'd room, unless his wife wad let:
 Wherefore nocht shall be wanting on my part
 To gather wealth to raise my shepherd's heart:
 Whate'er he wins, I'll guide wi' canny care,
 And win the vogue at market, tron, or fair,
 For halefome, clean, cheap, and sufficient ware.
 A flock of lambs, cheese, butter, and some woo,
 Shall first be sald to pay the laird his due:
 Syn a behind's our ain——thus, without fear,
 Wi' love and rowth we thro' the warld will steer;
 And when my Pate in bairns and gear grows rise,
 He'll bless the day he gat me for his wife.

Jen. But what if some young giglit on the green,
 Wi' dimpled cheeks, and twa bewitching een,
 Shou'd gar your Patie think his half-worn Meg,
 And her kend kisses, hardly worth a feg?

Peg. Nae mair of that—Dear Jenny, to be free,
 There's some men constanter in love than we;
 Nor is the ferly great, when nature kind
 Has blest them wi' solidity of mind:
 They'll reason calmly, and with kindness smile,
 When our short passions wad our peace beguile;
 Sae, whensoe'er they slight their maiks at hame,
 'Tis ten to ane the wives are maist to blame.

Then I'll employ wi' pleasure a' my art
 To keep him chearfu' and secure his heart :
 At e'en, when he comes weary frae the hill,
 I'll ha'e a' things made ready to his will :
 In winter, when he toils thro' wind and rain,
 A bleezing ingle and a clean hearth-stane;
 And soon as he flings by his plaid and staff,
 The seething pat's be ready to tak aff;
 Clean hag-abag I'll spread upon his board,
 And serve him wi' the best we can afford :
 Good humour and white bigonets shall be
 Guards to my face, to keep his love for me.

Jen. A dish of married love right soon grows cauld,
 And dozens down to nane, as fouk grow auld.

Peg. But we'll grow auld together, and ne'er find
 The loss of youth, when love grows on the mind.
 Bairns and their bairns mak' sure a firmer tye,
 Than aught in love the like of us can spy :
 See yon two elms that grow up side by side,
 Suppose them some years syne bridegroom and bride;
 Nearer and nearer ilka year they've prest;
 'Till wide their spreading branches are increas'd,
 And in their mixture now are fully blest :
 This shields the other frae the eastlin blast
 That in return defends it frae the waff,
 Sic as stand single (a state fae lik'd by you!)
 Beneath ilk storm frae every airth maun bow.

Jen. I've done—I yield, dear lassie, I maun yield;
 Your better sense has fairly won the field,
 With the assistance of a little fae
 Lies darn'd within my breast this mony a day.

SANG VI.—TUNE, *Nancy's to the Green-wood Gang.*

I yield, dear lassie, ye have won,
 And there is nae denying,

That sure as light flows frae the sun,
 Frae love proceeds complying ;

For a' that we can do or say

'Gainst love, nae thinker heeds us,

They ken our bosoms lodge the fae,

That by the heartstrings lead us.

Peg. Alake, poor pris'ner! Jenny, that's no fair,
 That ye'll no let the wee thing tak' the air :

Haste, let him out, we'll tent as wiel's we can,
Gif he be Bauldy's, or poor Roger's man.

Jen. Another time's as good—for see the sun
Is right far up, and we're no yet begun
To freath the graith; if canker'd Madge, our aunt,
Come up the burn, she'll gie's a wicked rant:
But when we've done, I'll tell ye a' my mind;
For this seems true, nae lafs can be unkind. *Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A snug thack house, before the door a green;

Hen's on the midding, ducks in dubs are seen.

On this side stands a barn, on that a byre:

A peat stack joins, and forms a rural square.

The house is Gland's—There you may see him lean,

And to his divot seat invite his frin'.

GLAUD and SYMON.

Gl. Good morrow, nibour Symon—come, sit down,
And gie's your cracks—What's a' the news
They tell me ye was in the ither day, (in town?
And sauld your Crummock, and her bassen'd quey.
I'll warrant ye've cost a pund o' cut and dry;
Lug out your box, and gie's a pipe to try.

Sym. Wi' a my heart—and tent me now, auld boy,
I've gather'd news will kittle your mind wi' joy.
I cudna rest till I came o'er the burn,
To tell ye things ha'e taken sic a turn,
Will gar our vile oppressors stend like slaes,
And skulk in hidlings on the hether braes. (stand

Gla. Fy blaw!—Ah, Bymie! rattling chiels ne'er
To cleck and spread the grosselt lies aff-hand,
Whilk soon flies round, like will-fire far and near:
But loose your poke, be't true or fause let's hear.

Sym. Seeing's believing, Glaud, and I have seen
Hab, that abroad has wi' our master been:
Our brave good master, wha right wisely fled,
And iest a fair estate, to save his head,
Because ye ken fu' wiel he bravely chose
To stand his Leige's friend wi' great Montrose:
Now Cromwell's gane to Nick; and ane ca'd Monk
Has play'd the Rumpie a right flee begunk,

Restor'd King Charles; and ilka thing's in tune;
And Habby says, we'll see Sir William soon.

Gla. That mak's me blyth indeed—but dinna flaw;
Tell o'er your news again! and swear till't a'.
And saw ye Hab! and what did Halbert say?
They ha'e been e'en a dreary time away.

Now God be thanked that our laird's come hame;
And his estate, say, can he eithly claim!

Sym. They that hag-rid us till our guts did grane,
Like greedy bairs, dare nae mair do't again,
And good Sir William shall enjoy his ain.

SANG VII.—Tune, *Could Kail in Aberdeen.*

Could be the rebels cast,
Oppressors base and bloody,
I hope we'll see them at the last
Strung a' up in a woody.
Blest be he of worth and sense,
And ever high in station,
That bravely stands in the defence
Of conscience, king, and nation.

Gla. And may he lang, for never did he stent
Us in our thriving wi' a racket rent;
Nor grumbl'd if ane grew rich, or shor'd to raise
Our mailens, when we pat on Sunday's claiths.

Sym. Nor wad he lang, wi' fenseless saucy air,
Allow our lyart noddles to be bare.

“Put on your bonnet, Symon—tak' a seat,—
How's a' at hame?—How's Elspa?—How does Kate?
How sells black cattle?—What gi'es woo this year?”
And sic like kindly questions wad he speer,

SANG VIII.—Tune, *Mucking of Geordy's Byre.*

The laird wha in riches and honour
Wad thrive, should be kindly and free,
Nor rack his poor tenants wha labour
To raise aboon poverty;
Else like the pack-horse that's unfether'd
And burden'd, will tumble down faint;
Thus virtue by hardship is smother'd,
And rackers aft time their feat.

Gla. Then wad he gar his butler bring bedeen,
The nappy bottle ben, and glasses clean,
Whilk in our breast rais'd sic a blythsome flame,
As gart me mony a time gae dancing hame.

My heart's e'en rais'd!--Dear nibour, will ye stay,
 And tak' your dinner here wi' me the day:
 We'll send for Elspa too--and upo' sight,
 I'll whistle Pate and Roger frae the hight.
 I'll yoke my sled, and send to the niest town,
 And bring a draught of ale, baith stout and brown:
 And gar our cottars a', man, wife, and wean,
 Drink 'till they tine the gate to stand their lane.

Sym. I wadna bauk my friend his blyth design,
 Gif that it hadna first of a been mine:
 For here-yestreen I brew'd a bow of maut,
 Yestreen I slew twa wathers prime and fat;
 A firlof of good cakes my Elspa beuk,
 And a large ham hings reesting in the nook:
 I saw mysell, or I came o'er the loan,
 Our meikle pat that scads the whey, put on,
 A mutton bouk to boil--and ane we'll roast;
 And on the haggies Elspa spares nae cost:
 Sma' are they shorn, and she can mix fu' nice
 The gusty ingans wi' a curn o' spice:
 Fat are the puddings--heads and feet wiel sung:
 And we've invited nibours auld and young,
 To pass this afternoon wi' glee and game,
 And drink our master's health and welcome hame.
 Ye mauna then refuse to join the rest,
 Since ye're my nearest friend that I like best:
 Bring wi' ye a' your family; and then,
 Whene'er you please, I'll rant wi' you again,

Glaud. Spoke like ye'rsell, auld birky, never fear,
 But at your banquet I shall first appear:
 Faith, we shall bend the bicker, and look bauld,
 Till we forget that we are fail'd or auld;
 Auld; said I!--Troth, I'm younger be a score,
 Wi' your good news, than what I was before:
 I'll dance or e'en! hey, Madge, come forth! d'ye hear?

Enter MADGE. (come here,

Mad. The man's gane gyte!--Dear Symon, wel-
 What wad ye, Glaud, wi' a' this haste and din?
 Ye never let a body sit to spin,

Gla. Spin ! sauff!—Gae break your wheel, and burn
And set the meiklest peat stack in a low; (your tow,
Syne dance about the banefire till ye die,
Since now again we'll soon Sir William see. (o't?

Mad. Blyth news indeed! And wha was't tald you

Gla. What's that to you?—Gae get my Sunday's
Wale out the whitest of my bobit bands, (coat;
My white skin hose, and mittans for my hands;
Then frae their washing cry the bairns in haste,
And mak' ye'rsells as trig, head, feet, and waist,
As ye were a' to get young lads or e'en;

For we're gaun o'er to dine wi' Sym bedeen; (gate,

Sym. Do, honest Madge—and, Gland; I'll o'er the
And see that a' be done as I wad ha'e't. [*Exeunt,*

SCENE II.

The open field—A cottage in a glen,

An auld wife spinning at the sunny en'.

At a small distance by a blasted tree,

Wi' folded arms, and bawf-rai'd looks, ye see.

BAULDY his lane.

WHAT's this!—I canna bear't! 'Tis war than hell,
To be sae burnt wi' love, yet darna tell!

O Peggy, sweeter than the dawning day,
Sweeter than gowany glens or new mawn hay;
Blyther than lambs that frisk out o'er the knows;
Straighter than aught that in the forest grows.
Her een the clearest blob of dew out-shines;
The lily in her breast its beauty tines;
Her legs, her arms, her cheeks, her mouth, her een,
Will be my dead, that will be shortly seen!
For Pate loes her, waes me! and she loes Pate;
And I wi' Neps. by some unlucky fate,
Made a dast vow!—O! but ane be a beast,
That mak's rash aiths till he's afore the priest.
I darna speak my mind, else a' the three,
But doubt, wad prove like ane my enemy:
'Tis fair to thole—I'll try some witchcraft art,
To break wi' ane and win the other's heart
Here Mauley lives, a witch, that for sma' price,
Can cast her cantraips, and gie me advice:

She can o'ercast the night, and cloud the moon,
 And mak' the de'il's obedient to her crune :
 At midnight hours, o'er the kirk yard she raves,
 And howks unchristen'd weans out o' their graves ;
 Boils up their livers in a warlock's pow :
 Rins withershins about the hemlock low,
 And seven times does her prayers backward pray,
 Till Plotock comes wi' lumps of Lapland clay,
 Mixt wi' the venom of black taid and snakes :
 Of this unsonsy pictures aft she makes
 Of ony ane she hates—and gars expire
 Wi' slaw and racking pains afore a fire ;
 Struck su' o' prins, the devilish pictures melt ;
 The pain by fouk they represent is felt.
 And yonder's Mause ; ay, ay, she kens su' wiel,
 When ane like me comes rinning to the de'il :
 She and her cat sit beeking in her yard ;
 To speak my errand, faith, amais't I'm fear'd :
 But I maun do't, tho' I should never thrive ;
 They gallop fast that de'il's and lassies drive, [Exit,

SCENE III.

A green hail-yard ; a little fount,

Where water poplin springs ;

There sits a wiife wi' wrinkl'd front,

And yet she spins and sings.

SANG IX—*TUNE, Carle, and the King come.*

Mause sings. PEGGY, now the King's come,
 Peggy, now the King's come,
 Thou may dance, and I shall sing,
 Peggy, since the King's come ;
 Nae mair the hawkies shalt thou milk,
 But change thy plaiding-coat for silk,
 And be a lady of that ilk,
 Now, Peggy, since the King's come.

Enter BAULDY.

Baul. How does auld honest lucky of the glen ?
 Ye look baith hale and feir at threescore-ten.

Mause. E'en twining out a thread wi' little din,
 And beeking my cauld limbs afore the sun.
 What brings my bairn this gate, sae air at morn ?
 Is there nae muck to lead—to thresh, nae corn ?

Baul. Enough of baith--But something that requires
 Your helping hand, employs now a' my cares.

Maufe. My helping hand ! alake ! what can I do
That underneath bait a cild and poortith bow ?

Baul. Ay, but you're wise, and wiser far than we,
Or maist part of the parish tells a lie.

Maufe. Of what kind wisdom think ye I'm possesst
That lifts my character aboon the rest ? (and fell

Baul. The word that gangs, how ye're sae wise
Ye'll may be tak' it ill gif I should tell.

Maufe. What fouk says of me, Bauldy, let me hear;
Keep naething up, ye naething ha'e to fear.

Baul. Wiel, since ye bid me, I shall tell ye a'
That ilk ane talks about you, but a flaw :
When the last wind made Gland a roofless barn;
When last the burn bore down my mither's yarn;
When Brawny elf-shot never mair came hame;
When Tibby kirk'd, and there nae butter came;
When Bessy Freetock's chuffy cheeked wean
To a Fairy turn'd, and cou'dna stand its lane;
When Wattie wander'd ae night thro' the shaw,
And tint himsell amaißt among the snaw :
When Mungo's mare stood still and swat wi' fright,
When he brought east the howdy under night;
When Bawfy shot to dead upon the green;
And Sara tint a snood was nae mair seen :
You, lucky, gat the wyte of a' fell out;
And ilk ane here dreads you round about.
And sae they may that mean to do ye skaith :
For me to wrang ye, I'll be very laith :
But when I neist mak' grots, I'll strive to please
You wi' a firloot o' them, mixt wi' pease.

Maufe. I thank ye, lad--now tell me your demand,
And, if I can, I'll lend my helping hand.

Baul. Then, I like Peggy-- Neps is fond of me--
Peggy likes Pate,--and Patie's bauld and flee,
And loes sweet Meg--But Neps I downa see--
Cou'd ye turn Patie's love to Neps, and than
Peggy's to me,--I'd be the happiest man.

Maufe. I'll try my art to gar the bowls row right,
Sae gang your ways and come again at night;

'Gainst that time I'll some simple things prepare,
Worth a' your pease and grots, tak' ye nae care.

Baul. Wiel, Mause, I'll come, gif I the road can
But if ye raise the de'il, he'll raise the wind; (find;
Syne rain and thunder, may be, when 'tis late,
Will mak' the night fae mirk, I'll tyne the gate.
We're a' to rant in Symie's at a feast,
O will ye come like badrans for a jest?

And there ye can our different 'haviours spy;
There's nane shall ken o't there but you and I.

Maufe. 'Tis like I may---but let na on what's past
'I'tween you and me, else fear a kittle cast.

Baul. If I aught of your secrets e'er advance,
May ye ride on me ilka night to France. [*Exit Bauldy.*

MAUSE her lane.

Hard luck, alake! when poverty and cild,
Weeds out of fashion, and a lanely bield,
Wi' a sma' cast of wiles, should in a twitch,
Gi'e ane the hatefu' name, *A wrinkled witch.*
This fool imagines, as do mony sic,
That I'm a wretch in compact wi' Auld Nick,
Because by education I was taught
To speak and act aboon their common thought:
Their gross mistake shall quickly now appear; (here;
Soon shall they ken what brought, what keeps me
Nane kens but me;---and if the morn were come,
I'll tell them tales will gar them a' sing dumb. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Behind a tree upon the plain,

Patie and his Peggy meet,

In love without a vicious stain,

The bonny lass and cheery swain,

Change vows and kisses sweet.

PATIE and PEGGY.

Peg. **O** *PATIE*, let me gang, I mauna stay:
We're baith cry'd hame, & Jenny she's away.

Pat. I'm laith to part fae soon; now we're alane;
And Roger he's awa' wi' Jenny gane;
They're as content, for aught I hear or see,
To be alane themselves; I judge, as we,

Here, where primroses thickest paint the green,
Hard by this little burnie let us lean:
Hark how the lav'rocks chant aboon our heads,
How fast the westlin winds sough through the reeds.

Peg. The scented meadows, birds, & healthy breeze,
For aught I ken may mair than Peggy please.

Pat. Ye wrang me fair to doubt my being kind;
In speaking sae ye ca' me dull and blind:
Gif I cou'd fancy aught's sae sweet or fair
As my dear Meg, or worthy o' my care.
Thy breath is sweeter than the sweetest brier,
Thy cheek and breast the finest flow'rs appear:
Thy words excel the maist delightfu' notes,
That warble thro' the merle or mavis' throats;
Wi' thee I tent nae flowers that bulk the field,
Or ripest berries that our mountains yield:
The sweetest fruits that hing upon the tree,
Are far inferior to a kiss of thee.

Peg. But Patrick for some wicked end may fleech,
And lambs shou'd tremble when the foxes preach.
I darna stay;—ye joker let me gang;
Anither lass may gar ye change your sang;
Your thoughts may flit, and I may thole the wrang.

Pat. Sooner a mither shall her fondness drap,
And wrang the bairn sits smiling on her lap:
The sun shall change, the moon to change shall cease,
The gaits to climb—the sheep to yield the fleece,
Ere ought by me be either said or done,
Shall skaith our love, I swear by a' aboon.

Peg. Then keep your aith—But mony lads will
And be mansworn to twa in ha'f a year; (swear,
Now I believe ye like me wonder wiel;
But if a fairer face your heart shou'd steal,
Your Meg, forsaken, bootless might relate,
How she was dawted anes by faithless Pate.

Pat. I'm sure I canna change, ye needna fear,
Tho' we're but young, I've lo'd you mony a year;
I mind it wiel, when thou cou'dst hardly gang,
Or lisp out words, I choos'd you frae the thrang

Of a' the bairns, and led thee by the hand,
 Aft to the tansy know or rashy strand;
 Thou smiling by my side---I took delight
 To pou the rashes green, wi' roots sae white,
 Of which, as wiel as my young fancy cou'd,
 For thee I plet the flow'ry belt and snood.

Peg. When first thou gade wi' shepherds to the
 And I to milk the ews first try'd my skill, (hill,
 To bear the leglen was nae toil to me,
 When at the bught at ev'n I met wi' thee.

Pat. When corns grew yellow, and the hether-bells
 Bloom'd bonny on the muir and rising fells.
 Nae birns, or briers, or whins e'er troubled me,
 Gif I cou'd find blae berries ripe for thee. (stane,

Peg. When thou didst wrestle, run, or putt the
 And wan the day, my heart was flightering fain:
 At a' these sports thou still gave joy to me;
 For nane can wrestle, run, or putt wi' thee.

Pat. Jenny sings saft the *Broom of Cowden knows*,
 And Rosie lilt the *Milking of the Ews*;
 There's nane, like Nancy, *Jenny Nettles* sings;
 At turns in *Maggy Lauder* Marion dings:
 But when my Peggy sings wi' sweeter skill,
 The *Boatman*, or the *Last of Patie's Mill*,
 It is a thousand times mair iweet to me;
 Tho' they sing wiel, they canna sing like thee.

Peg. How eith can lasses trow what they desire
 And, roos'd by them we love, blows up that fire:
 But wha loves best, let time and carriage try;
 Be constant, and my love shall time defy.
 Be still as now, and a' my care shall be,
 How to contrive what pleasant is for thee.

*The foregoing, with a small variation, was sung at
 the acting as follows.*

SANG X.—Tune, *The Yellow-hair'd Laddie.*

Peg. When first my dear laddie gade to the green hill,
 And I at ew-milking first sey'd my young skill,
 To bear the milk bowie nae pain was to me,
 When I at the bughting forgather'd wi' thee.

Pat. When corn riggs wav'd yellow, and blue hether-bells
 Bloom'd bonny on mairland and sweet rising fells,

Nae birns, briers, or breckens ga'e trouble to me,
If I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.

Peg. When thou ran, or wrestled, or putted the stane,
And came aff the victor, my heart was ay fain;
They ilka sport manly gave pleasure to me;
For nane can putt, wrestle, or run I swift as thee.

Pat. Our Jenny sings saftly the *Cowden-broom knows*,
And Rosie liltis sweetly the *Milking the ewes*;
There's few *Jenny Nettles* like Nancy can sing;
At *Tbro' the wood ladiie*, Bess gars our lugs ring.
But when my dear Peggy sings wi' better skill,
The *Boatman*, *Tweedside*, or the *Lass of the Mill*,
'Tis mony times sweeter and pleasing to me;
For tho' they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.

Peg. How easy can lassies trow what they desire!
And praises sae kindly increases love's fire:
Gi'e me still this pleasure, my study shall be,
To make mysell better and sweeter for thee.

Pat. Wert thou a giglit gawky like the lave;
That little better than our nowt behave,
At naught they'll ferly; senseless tales believe,
Be blyth for silly heghts, for trifles grieve---
Sic ne'er cou'd win my heart, that kenna how
Either to keep a prize, or yet prove true:
But thou in better sense without a flaw,
As in thy beauty, far excells them a'.
Continue kind, and a' my care shall be,
How to contrive what pleasing is for thee. (cry.)

Peg. Agreed;---but hearken, yon's auld aunty's
I ken they'll wonder what can mak' us stay.

Pat. And let them ferly---Now a kindly kiss,
Or five score good anes wadna be amiss;
And syne we'll sing the sang wi' tunefu' glee,
That I made up last owk on you and me.

Peg. Sing first, syne claim your hire---

Pat.-----Wiel, I agree.

SANG XI.—*To its ane tune.*

Pat. By the delicious warmth of thy mouth,
And rowing eyes, that smiling tell the truth,
I guess, my lassie, that as well as I,
You're made for love, and why should ye deny?

Peg. But ken ye, lad, gif we confess o'er soon,
Ye think us cheap, and syne the wooing's done:
The maiden that o'er quickly tines her power,
Like unripe fruit, will taste but hard and sour.

Pat. But gin they hing o'er lang upon the tree,
 Their sweetness they may tine; and sac may ye.
 Red-checked you completely ripe appear,
 And I have thol'd and woo'd a lang half year.

Peggy singing, falls into 'Patie's' arms.

Then dinna pou me, gently thus I sa'
 Into my Patie's arms, for good and a';
 But stint your wishes to this kind embrace,
 And mint nae farer till we've got the grace.

Patie, with his left hand about her waist.

O charming armfu'! hence ye cares away,
 I'll kiss my treasure a' the live-lang day:
 A' night I'll dream my kisses o'er again,
 Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

Sung by both.

Sun, gallop down the westlin skies,
 Gang soon to bed, and quickly rise;
 O lass your steeds, post time away,
 And haste about our bridal day;
 And if you're weary'd honest light,
 Sleep, gin ye like, a week that night.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT. III. SCENE I.

*Now turn your eyes beyond yon spreading lime,
 And tent a man whose beard seems black'd wi' time;
 An eldward fills his band, his habit mean,
 Nae doubt ye'll think he has a pedlar been.
 But whist! it is the Knight in masquerade,
 That comes hid in this cloud to see his lad.
 Observe how pleas'd the loyal sull'rer moves
 Thro' his auld an' new, and delightfu' grooves.*

SIR WILLIAM, solus.

THE gentleman, thus hid in low disguise,
 I'll for a space, unknown delight mine eyes
 With a full view of ev'ry fertile plain,
 Which once I lost—which now are mine again.
 Yet, 'midst my joy, some prospects pain renew,
 Whilst I my once fair seat in ruins view.
 Yonder, ah me! it desolately stands,
 Without a roof, the gates fall'n from their bands,
 The casements all broke down, no chimney left,
 The naked walls of tap'stry all bereft.
 My stables and pavillions, broken walls!
 That with each rainy blast decaying falls:

My gardens, once adorn'd the most complete,
 With all that nature, all that art makes sweet;
 Where round the figur'd green and pebble walks,
 The dewy flow'rs hung nodding on their stalks;
 But overgrown with nettles, docks, and brier,
 No jaccacinths or eglantines appear.
 How do those ample walls to ruin yield,
 Where peach and nest'rine branches found a bield,
 And bask'd in rays, which early did produce
 Fruit fair to view, delightful in the use:
 All round in gaps, the most in rubbish lie,
 And from what stands the wither'd branches fly.
 These soon shall be repair'd;—and now my joy
 Forbids all grief,—when I'm to see my boy,
 My only prop, and object of my care,
 Since Heav'n too soon call'd home his mother fair:
 Him, ere the rays of reason clear'd his thought,
 I secretly to faithful Symon brought,
 And charg'd him strictly to conceal his birth,
 Till we should see what changing times brought forth
 Hid from himself, he starts up by the dawn,
 And ranges careless o'er the height and lawn,
 After his fleecy charge, serenely gay,
 With other shepherds whistling o'er the day.
 Thrice happy life! that's from ambition free,
 Remov'd from crowns and courts, how cheerfully
 A quiet contented mortal spends his time
 In hearty health, his soul unstain'd with crime.

Or, sung as follows.

SANG XII.—Tune, *Happy Clown.*

Hid from himself, now by the dawn
 He starts as fresh as roses blawn,
 And ranges o'er the heights and lawn,
 After his bleeting flocks.
 Healthful, and innocently gay,
 He chants and whistles out the day;
 Untaught to smile, and then betray,
 Like courtly weather-cocks.
 Life happy from ambition free,
 Envy and vile hypocrisy,
 When truth and love with joy agree,
 Unfully'd with a crime:

Unmov'd with what disturbs the great,
In propping of their pride and state,
He lives, and unafraid of fate,

Contented spends his time:

Now tow'rd's good Symon's house I'll bend my way,
And see what makes yon gamboling to-day;
All on the green, in a fair wanton ring,
My youthful tenants gaylie dance and sing.

[Exit Sir William.]

SCENE II.

*'Tis Symon's house, please to step in,
And vif's round and round;
There's nought superfluous to give pain,
Or costly to be found.
Yet all is clean: a clear pent inle
Glances amiss the floor:
The green born spoons, beech laggies mingle
On shelves forgaist the door,
While the young brood sport on the green,
The auld ones think it best,
Wi' the brown cow to clear their een,
Saus, crack, and tak' their rest.*

SYMON, GLAUD, and ELSPA.

Gla. **W**E anes were young ourselfs---I like to see
The bairns bob round wi' other merrylic.
Troth, Symon, Patie's grown a strapan lad,
And better looks than his I never bade;
Amang our lads he bears the gree awa':
And tells his tale the clev'rest o' them a'.

Elspa. Poor man!--he's a great comfort to us baith,
God mak' him good, and hide him ay frae skaith.
He is a bairn, I'll say't, wiel worth our care,
That ga'e us ne'er vexation late or air.

Gla. I trow, goodwife, if I be not mista'en,
He seems to be wi' Peggy's beauty ta'en,
And troth, my niece is a right dainty wean,
As ye wiel ken; a bonnier needna be,
Nor better--be't she were nae kin to me.

Sym. Ha, Glaud! I doubt that ne'er will be a match,
My Patie's wild and will be ill to catch;

And or he were, for reasons I'll no tell,
I'd rather be mixt wi' the mools mysell.

Gla. What reasons can ye ha'e? There's nane, I'm
Unless ye may cast up that she's but poor; (sure,
But gif the lassie marry to my mind,
I'll be to her as my ain Jenny kind;
Fourscore of breeding ewes of my ain birn,
Five ky that at ae milking fills a kirn,
I'll gi'e to Peggy that day she's a bride;
By and attour, if my good luck abide,
Ten lambs, at spaining time, as lang's I live,
And twa quey cawfs I'll yearly to them give.

Elspa. Ye offer fair, kind Glaud, but dinna speer
What may be is not fit ye yet shoud' hear.

Sym. Or this day eight days likely he shall learn,
That our denial disna slight his bairn. (bend,

Gla. We'll nae mair o't; --- come, gie's the other
We'll drink their healths, whatever way it end.

Their healths gae round.

Sym. But will ye tell me Glaud? By some 'tis said
Your niece is but a *fundling*, that was laid
Down at your hallen side ae morn in May,
Right clean row'd up, and bedded on dry hay.

Gla. That clatteren Madge, my titty, tells sic flaws,
Whene'er our Meg her cankart humour gaws.

Enter JENNY.

Jen. O father, there's an auld man on the green,
The fellest fortune-teller e'er was seen;
He tents our loofs, and syne whops out a book,
Turns o'er the leaves, and gi'es our brows a look:
Syne tells the oddest tales that e'er ye heard:
His head is gray, and lang and gray his beard.

Sym. Gae bring him in, we'll hear what he can say,
Nane shall gang hungry by my houle to-day,

[Exit. Jenny,

But for his telling fortunes, troth, I fear,
He kens nae mair o' that than my gray mare.

Gla. Spae-men! the truth of a their saws I doubt,
For greater liars never ran thereout.

Returns JENNY, bringing in SIR WILLIAM; with them PATIE.

Sym. Ye're welcome, honest carle, here tak' a seat.

Sir W. I give you thanks, goodman, I'll nobe blate.

Gla [drinks.] Come t'ye, friend, How far came ye the

S W. I pledge ye, nibour, e'en but little way; (day?

Rousted wi' eild, a wee piece gae seems lang,

'Twa miles or three's the maist that I dow gang.

Sym. Ye're welcome here to stay a' night wi' me,
And tak' sic bed and board as we can gi'e. (bairn

S. W. That's kind unfought—Wiel, gin ye hae a

That ye like wiel, and wad his fortune learn,

I shall employ the farthest of my skill

To spae it faithfully, be't good or ill.

Symon pointing to PATIE.

Only that lad—alake! I ha'e nae mae,

Either to mak' me joyfu' now or wae. ye sneer?

S. W. Young man, let's see your hand; what gars

Pat. Because your skill's but little worth I fear.

S. W. Ye cut before the point; but, Billy, bide,

I'll wager there's a moufe-mark on your side.

Elspa Betoch-us-to! and wiel I wat that's true;

Awa, awa, the de'il's o'er grit wi' you;

Four inch aneath his oxter is the mark,

Scarce ever seen since he first wore a fark.

S. W. I'll tell ye mair, if this young lad be spar'd

But a thort while, he'll be a braw rich laird now?

Elf A laird! Hear ye, goodman—what think ye

Sym. I dinna ken! strange auld man, wha'rt thou?

Fair fa' your heart, tis good to bode of wealth;

Come turn the timmer to laird Patie's health.

Patie's health gae round.

Pat. A laird of twa good whistles and a kent,

Twa curs, my trusty tenants on the bent,

Is a' my great estate—and like to be:

Sae cunning carle, ne'er break your jokes on me.

Sym Whisht, Patie—let the man look o'er your

Astumes as broken a ship has come to land. (hand.

[*Sir William looks a little at Patie's hand, then counterfeits falling into a trance, while they endeavour to lay him right.*]

Elf. Preserve's!—the man's a warlock, or posselt wi' some nae good, or second sight at least: Where is he now? —

Gla. ————— He's seeing a' that's done In ilka place, beneath or yont the moon.

Elf. Thae second-sighted fouk, His peace be here!) See things far aff, and things to come, as clear As I can see my thumb—Wow! can he tell (Speer at him, soon as he comes to himsell) How soon we'll see Sir William! Whisht, he heaves, And speaks out broken words like ane that raves.

Sym. He'll soon grow better;—*Elspa,* haste ye gae And fill him up a tals of usquebæ

Sir William starts up, and speaks.
A Knight that for a *Lyon* fought
Against a herd of bears,
Was to lang toil and trouble brought,
In which some thousands shares;
But now again the *Lyon* rares,
And joy spreads o'er the plain:
The *Lyon* has defeat the bears,
The Knight returns again.
That Knight in a few days shall bring
A shepherd frae the fauld,
And shall present him to his King,
A subject true and bauld:
He *Mrs PATRICK* shall be call'd—
All you that hear me now
May wiel believe what I have tald,
For it shall happen true.

Sym. Friend, may your spaeing happen soon and wick;
But, faith, I'm redd you've bargain'd wi' the de'il,
To tell some tales that fouks wad secret keep;
Or do you get them tald you in your sleep?

S. W. Howe'er I get them, never fash your beard,
Nor come I to read fortunes for reward;
But I'll lay ten to ane wi' ony here,
That all I prophesy shall soon appear.

Sym. You prophesying fouks are odd kind men
They're here that ken, and here that disna ken,

The wimpled meaning of your unco tale,
 Whilk soon will mak' a noise o'er muir and dale.
Gla. 'Tis nae sma' sport to hear how Sym believes,
 And tak's't for gospel what the spaeman gives
 Of flawing fortunes, whilk he evens to Fate:
 But what we wish, we trow at ony rate.

S. W. Whisht! doubtful carle; for ere the sun
 Has driven twice down to the sea,
 What I have said, ye shall see done
 In part, or nae mair credit me.

Gla. Wiel, be't sae, friend; I shall say naething mair;
 But I've twa sonsy lasses, young and fair,
 Plump ripe for men; I wish ye cou'd foresee
 Sic fortunes for them, might prove joy to me.

S. W. Nae mair thro' secrets can I list,
 Till darkness black the bent;
 I have but anes a day that gift,
 Sae rest a while content.

Sym. Elspa, cast on the clath, fetch butt some meat,
 And of your best gar this auld stranger eat.

S. W. Delay a while your hospitable care;
 I'd rather enjoy this evening calm and fair,
 Around yon ruin'd tower, to fetch a walk
 With you, kind friend, to have some private talk.

Sym. Soon as you please I'll answer your desire—
 And, Glaid, you'll tak' your pipe beside the fire;—
 We'll but gae round the place, and soon be back,
 Syne sup together, and tak' our pint and crack.

Gla. I'll out a while, and see the young anes play;
 My heart's still light, albeit my locks be gray. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE III.

*Jenny pretends an errand home,
 Young Roger drops the rest,
 To whisper out his melting flame,
 And throw his lassie's braid.*

*Behind a bush, whiel hid frae sight, they meet;
 See, Jenny's laughing, Roger's like to groat. Poet Shepherd?*

ROGER and JENNY.

Rog. **D**EAR Jenny, I wad speak t'ye, wad ye let,
 And yet I ergh, ye're ay sae scornfu' set.

Jen. And what wad Roger say, if he cou'd speak?
Am I oblig'd to guess what ye're to seek?

Rog. Yes, ye may guess right eith for what I grein,
Baith by my service, sighs, and languing een:
And I maun out wi't, tho' I risk your scorn;
Ye're never frae my thoughts, baith e'en and morn,
Ah! cou'd I loe ye less, I'd happy be,
But happier far! cou'd ye but fancy me.

Jen. And wha kens, honest lad, but that I may?
Ye canna say that e'er I said ye nay.

Rog. Alack! my frighted heart begins to fail,
Whene'er I mint to tell ye out my tale,
For fear some tighter lad, mair rich than I,
Has win your love, and near your heart may lie.

Jen. I loe my father, cousin Meg I love:
But to this day nae man my mind cou'd move;
Except my kin, ilk lad's alike to me;
And frae ye a' I best had keep me free.

Rog. How lang, dear Jenny?—sayna that again;
What pleasure can ye tak' in giving pain?
I'm glad however that ye yet stand free;
Wha kens but ye may rue, and pity me?

Jen. Ye ha'e my pity else, to see you set
On that whilk maks our sweetness soon forget:
Wow! but we're bonny, good, and every thing!
How sweet we breathe whene'er we kiss or sing!
But we're nae sooner fools to gi'e consent,
Than we our dassin, and tint power repent:
When prison'd in four wa's, a wife right tame,
Altho' the first, the greatest drudge at hame.

Rog. That only happens, when for sake o' gear,
Ane wales a wife as he wad buy a mare:
Or when dull parents bairns together bind
Of different tempers, that can ne'er prove kind:
But love, true downright love engages me,
(Tho' thou should scorn) still to delight in thee.

Jen. What sugar'd words frae woocers lips can sa'
But ginning marriage comes and ends them a',
I've teen wi' shining fair the morning rise,
And soon the fleety clouds mirk a' the skies;

I've seen the silver spring a while rin clear,
 And soon in mossy puddles disappear;
 The bridegroom may rejoice, the bride may smile;
 But soon contentions a' their joys beguile.

Rog. I've seen the morning rise wi' fairest light;
 The day, unclouded, sink in calmest night:
 I've seen the spring rin wimpling thro' the plain,
 Increase and join the ocean without stain:
 The bridegroom may be blyth, the bride may smile;
 Rejoice thro' life, and a' your fears beguile.

Jen. Were I but sure ye lang wou'd love maintain,
 The fewest words my easy heart cou'd gain:
 For I maun own, since now at last you're free,
 Altho' I jok'd, I lov'd your company:
 And ever had a warmth in my breast,
 That made you dearer to me than the rest.

Rog. I'm happy now! o'er happy! had my head!
 This gush of pleasure's like to be my dead:
 Come to my arms! or strike me! I'm a' fir'd
 Wi' wond'ring love! let's kiss till we be tir'd.
 Kifs, kifs! we'll kiss the sun and starns away,
 And ferly at the quick return of day!
 O Jenny! let my arms about thee twine,
 And brifs thy bonny breasts and lips to mine.

Which may be sung as follows. SANG XIII.—Tune, *Leith Wynd*

Jenny. Were I assur'd you'll constant prove,
 You should nae mair complain;
 The easy maid, beset wi' love,
 Few words will quickly gain:
 For I must own, now since you're free,
 This too fond heart of mine
 Has lang, a black-sole true to thee,
 Wish'd to be pair'd wi' thine.

Rog. I'm happy now, ah! let my head,
 Upon thy breast recline!
 The pleasure strikes me near hand dead;
 Is Jenny then sae kind?—
 O let me brifs thee to my heart!
 And round my arms entwine:
 Delytful thought, we'll never part!
 Come, press thy lips to mine.

Jen. Wi' equal joy my easy heart gies way,
 To own thy wiel try'd love has won the day.

Now by thae warmest kisses thou hast tane,
Swear thus to love me, when by vows made ane.

Rog. I swear by fifty thousand yet to come,
Or may the first ane strike me deaf and dumb,
There shall not be a kindlier dawted wife,
If you agree wi' me to lead your life.

Jen. Wiel, I agree—neist to my parent gae,
Get his consent, he'll hardly say ye nae;
Ye ha'e what will commend ye to him wiel,
Auld fouks, like them, that wants na milk and meal.

SANG XIV.—Tune, *O'er Bogie.*

Wiel, I agree, you're sure of me,
Next to my father gae;
Mak him content to gie consent,
He'll hardly say you nae;
For ye ha'e what he wad be at,
And will commend you wiel,
Since parents auld, think love grows cauld
Where bairns want milk and meal.
Should he deny, I care na by,
He'd contradict in vain;
Tho' a' my kin had said and sworn,
But thee I will ha'e nane.
Then never range, nor learn to change,
Like these in high degree;
And if ye prove faithfu' in love,
You'll find nae fault in me.

Rog. My faulds contain twice fifteen sorrow nowt,
As mony newcal in my byers rowt;
Five pack of woo I can at Lammas sell,
Shorn frae my bob-tail'd bleeters on the fell,
Good twenty pair of blankets for our bed,
Wi' meikle care, my thrifty mither made:
Ilk thing that maks a heartsome house and tight
Was still her care, my father's great delight.
They left me a', which now gi'e's joy to me,
Because I can gi'e a', my dear, to thee:
And had I fifty times as meikle mair,
Nane but my Jenny should the samen skair:
My love and a' is your's; now had them fast,
And guide them as ye like, to gar them last.

Jen. I'll do my best: but see wha comes this way,
Pauc and Meg—besides, I mauna stay;

Let's steal frae ither now, and meet the morn:
If we be seen, we'll dree a deal o' scorn. (poof:

Rog. To where the saugh tree shades the mennin-
I'll frae the hill come dawn, when day grows cool,
Keep tryit, and meet me there: there let us meet,
To kifs and tell our love; there's nought sae sweet.

SCENE IV.

This scene presents the Knight and Sym.

*Within a gallery of the place,
Where a' looks ruinous and grim;
Nor has the Baron shown his face,
But joking wi' his sheptherd leel,
Aft speers the gate be kent fu' wiel.*

SIR WILLIAM and SYMON.

S. W. TO whom belongs this house so much decay'd?

Sy. To ane that lost it, lending gen'rous aid,
To bear the Head up, when rebellious Tail
Against the laws of nature did prevail.

Sir William Worthy is our master's name,
Whilk fills us a' wi' joy, now he's come hame.

(Sir William draps his masking beard;

Symon, transported, sees

*The welcome knight, wi' fond regard,
And grasps him round the knees.)*

My master! my dear master!—do I breathe
To see him healthy, strong, and free frae skaith!
Return'd to cheer his wishing tenants sight!
To bless his son, my charge, the world's delight.

Sir Wil. Rise, faithful Symon, in my arms enjoy
A place, thy due, kind guardian of my boy;
I came to view thy care in this disguise,
And am confirm'd thy conduct has been wise;
Since still the secret thou'st securely seal'd,
And ne'er to him his real birth reveal'd.

Sym. The due obedience to your strict command
Was the first lock——neist, my ain judgment fand
Out reasons plenty——sence, without estate,
A youth, tho' sprung frae kings, looks baughand blate,

S. W. And aften vain and idly spend their time,
Till grown unfit for action, past their prime,

Hang on their friends—which gies their fauls a cast,
That turns them downright beggars at the last.

Sym. Now, wiel I wat, Sir, you ha'e spoken true;
For there's laird Kytie's son, that's lo'd by few :
His father sleight his fortune in his wame,
And left his heir nought but a gentle name.
He gangs about sornan frae place to place,
As scrumpt of manners as of sense and grace,
Oppressing a', as punishment o' their sin,
That are within his tenth degree of kin :
Rins in ilk trader's debt, wha's sae unjust
To his ain family as to gie him trust.

S. W. Such useless branches of a commonwealth,
Shou'd be lopt off, to gie a state mair health ;
Unworthy bare reflection——Symon, run
O'er a' your observations on my son ;
A parent's fondness easily finds excuse,
But do not wi' indulgence truth abuse.

Sym. To speak his praise, the longest summer day
Wad be o'er short—cou'd I them right display.
In word and deed he can sae wiel behave,
That out of sight he rins before the lave :
And when there's e'er a quarrel or contest,
Patrick's made judge, to tell whase cause is best ;
And his decreet stands good—he'll gar it stand ;
Wha dares to grumble, finds his correcting hand ;
Wi' a firm look, and a commanding way,
He gars the proudest of our herds obey [proceed:

S. W. Your tale much pleases—my good friend
What learning has he? Can he write and read?

Sym. Baith wonder wiel : for troth I didna spare
To gie him at the school enough o' lair :
And he delights in books—He reads and speaks,

Wi' fouks that ken them, Latin words and Greeks.

S. W. Where gets he books to read—and of what
Tho' some give light, some blindly lead the blind. [kind?

Sy. Whene'er he drives our sheep to Edinburgh port,
He buys some books of history, fangs, or sport:
Nor does he want of them a rowth at will,
And carries ay a pouchfu' to the hill.

About ane Shakespeare and a famous Ben
 He aften speaks, and ca's them best of men.
 How sweetly Hawthornden and Stirling sing,
 And ane ca'd Cowley, loyal to his king,
 He kens fu' wiel, and gars their verses ring.
 I sometimes thought he made o'er great a phrase
 About fine poems, histories, and plays.

When I reprov'd him ane, — a book he brings,
 Wi' this, quoth he, on braes I crack wi' kings.

S. W. He answer'd wiel; and much ye glad my ear,
 When such accounts I of my shepherd hear;
 Reading such books can raise a peasant's mind
 Above a lord's that is not thus inclin'd.

Sym. Wha ken we better that sae findle look,
 Except on rainy Sundays, on a book?
 When we a leaf or twa haff read, haff spell,
 'Till a' the rest sleep round as wiel's oursell.

S. W. Wiel jested Symon; but one question more
 I'll only ask ye now, and then gi'e o'er.
 The youth's arriv'd the age when little loves
 Flighter around young hearts like cooing doves:
 Has nae young lassie wi' inviting mien,
 And rosy cheek, the wonder of the green,
 Engag'd his look, and caught his youthfu' heart?

Sym. I fear'd the warst, but kend the sma'est part,
 'Till late I saw him twa three times mair sweet
 Wi' Glaud's fair niece than I thought right or meet.
 I had my fears, but now ha'e nought to fear,
 Since like yoursell your son will soon appear;
 A gentleman enrich'd wi' a' these charms,
 May bless the fairest best born lady's arms.

S. W. This night must end his unambitious fire,
 When higher views shall greater thoughts inspire.
 Go, Symon, bring him quickly here to me;
 None but yoursell shall our first meeting see.
 Yonder's my horse and servants nigh at hand;
 They come just at the time I gave command:
 Straight in my own apparel I'll go dress;
 Now ye the secret may to all confesse.

Sym W' how much joy I on this errand feel
There's nane can know that is not downright me.

Sir William solus [Exit *Symon*.]

When the event of hopes successfully appears,
One happy hour cancels the toil of years:
A thousand toils are lost in Lethe's stream,
And cares evanish like a morning dream;
When wish'd-for pleasures rise like morning light,
The pain that's past enhances the delight.
These joys I feel, that words can ill express,
I ne'er had known, without my late distress.
But from his rustic business and love,
I must, in haste, my Patrick soon remove,
To courts and camps that may his soul improve
Like the rough diamond, as it leaves the mine,
Only in little breakings shews its light,
Till artful polishing has made it shine;
Thus education makes the genius bright. [Exit.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The scene describ'd in former page,

Glaud's onset—Enter Maufe and Madge.

Mad. OUR laird's come hame! and owns young Pate
Mau. That's news indeed!— (his heir!)

Madge.— A true as ye stand there.
As they were dancing a' in *Symon's* yard,
Sir William, like a warlock, wi' a beard
Five nives in length, and white as driven snaw,
Amang us came, cry'd, *Had ye merry a'*,
We ferly'd meikle at his unco look,
While frae his pouch he whirled forth a book.
As we stood round about him on the green,
He view'd us a', but fix'd on Pate his een;
Then pawkily pretended he cou'd spae,
Yet for his pains and skill wad naething hae.

Maufe. Then sure the lassies, and ilk gaping coof,
Wad rin about him, and had out their loof.

Madge. As fast as fleas skip to the tate of woo,
Whilk flee tod lowrie hads without his mow,
When he to drown them, and his hips to cool,
In simmer days slides backward in a pool.

In short he did for Pate brow things foretell, ^{me.}
 Without the help of conjuring or spell;
 At last, when wicel diverted, he withdrew, ^{me.}
 Pou'd aff his beard to Symon: Symon knew ^{ye.}
 His welcome master;—round his knees he gat ^{ye.}
 Hang at his coat, and syne for blythness grat,
 Patrick was sent for—happy lad is he!
 Symon tald Elspa, Elspa tald it me,
 Ye'll hear out a' the secret story soon:
 And troth 'tis e'en right odd, when a' is done,
 To think how Symon ne'er afore wad tell,
 Na, no fae meikle as to Pate himsell,
 Our Meg, poor thing, alake! has lost her jo.

Mause. It may be fae, wha kens, and may be no;
 To lift a love that's rooted is great pain;
 Ev'n kings ha'e ta'en a queen out of the plain:
 And what has been before may be again.

Mad. Sic nonsense! love take root, but tocher good,
 'Tween a herd's bairn, and ane of gentle blood!
 Sic fashions in king Bruce's days might be;
 But siccan ferlies now we never see.

Mause. Gif Pate forsakes her, Bauldy she may gain:
 Yonder he comes, and wow! but he looks fain;
 Nae doubt he thinks that Peggy's now his ain.

Madge. He get her! flaverin doof; it sets him wicel
 To yoke a plough where Patrick thought to till:
 Gif I were Meg, I'd let young master see—

Mause. Ye'd be as dorty in your choice as he;
 And so wad I. But whist! here Bauldy comes.

Enter BAULDY, singing.

Jenny said to Jocky, gin ye winna tell,
 Ye fall be the lad, I'll be the lass mysell;
 Ye're a bonny lid, and I'm a lassie free;
 Ye're welcomer to tak' me than to let me be.

I trow fae.—Lasses will come too at last,
 'Tho' for a while they maun their snaw-ba's cast.

Mause. Wicel, Bauldy, how gaes a'?

Bauldy.———Faith, unco right:

I hope we'll a' sleep sound but ane this night.

Madge. And wha's th' unlucky ane if we may ask?

Baul. To find out that is nae difficult task.

Bonny Peggy, wha maun think nae mair
 Sym ate turn'd Patrick and Sir William's heir.
 There, now, good Madge, and honest Maufe, stand be;
 le Meg's in dumps put in a word for me:

Woe as kind as ever Pate could prove,
 Ones wilfu', and ay constant in my love.

A Madge. As Neps can witness and the bushy thorn,
 A here mony a time to her your heart was sworn;
 Wyl Bauldy, blush, and vows of love regard;
 'What other lass will trow a mansworn herd?

The curse of heaven hings ay aboon their heads,
 That's ever guilty of sic sinfu' deeds.

I'll ne'er advise my niece fae gray a gate;
 Nor will she be advis'd, fu' wiel I wat.

Baul. Sae gray a gatel mansworn! and a' the rest;
 Ye lied, auld Roudes,—and, in faith, had best
 Eat in your words, else I shall gar you stand,
 Wi' a het face, afore the haly band.

Mad. Ye'll gar me stand! ye sheveling-gabbit brock;
 Speak that again, and trembling, dread my rock,
 And ten sharp nails, that, when my hands are in,
 Can flyp the skin o' ye'r cheeks out o'er your chin.

Baul. I tak' ye witness, Maufe, ye heard her say
 That I'm mansworn—I winna let it gae.

Mad. Ye're witness too, he ca'd me bonny names,
 And shou'd be serv'd as his good breeding claims;
 Ye filthy dog!

*[Flees to his hair like a fury—a stout battle.—
 Maufe endeavours to redd them.]*

Mau. Let gang your grips; fy, Madge! howt Bauldy
 I wadna wish this tulzie had been seen, (leen;
 'Tis sae daft like —————

Bauldy gets out of Madge's clutches with a bleeding nose.

Madge ——— 'Tis dafter like to thole
 An ether-cap like him to blaw the coal.
 It sets him wiel, wi' vile unscrapit tongue,
 To cast up whether I be auld or young;
 They're aulder yet than I ha'e married been,
 And, or they died their bairns bairns ha'e seen.

Map. That's true; and, Bauldy, ye was far to blame
To ca' Madge ought but her ain christen'd name.

Baul. My lugs, my nose, and noddle finds the same.

Mad. Auld Roudes! filthy fallow; I shall auld ye.

Mau. Howt, no; ye'll e'en be friends wi' honest Bauldy.
Come, come, shake hands; this maun nae farder gae;
Ye maun forgi'e'm; I see the lad looks wae.

Baul. In troth now, Maufe, I ha'e at Madge nae spite;
But she abusing first was a' the wyte
Of what has happen'd, and shou'd therefore crave
My pardon first, and shall acquittance have.

Mad. I crave your pardon! Gallows face, gae greet,
And own your fault to her that ye wad cheat;
Gae, or be blasted in your health and gear,
'Till ye learn to perform as wiel as swear.
Vow, and lowp back!--was e'er the like heard tell?
Swith, tak' him deil; he's o'er lang out o' hell.

BAULDY running off.

His presence be about us!--Curst were he
That were condemn'd for life to live wi' thee.

[Exit Bauldy]

MADGE Laughing.

I think I have towzi'd his narigalds a wee;
He'll no soon grein to tell his love to me.
He's but a rascal, that would mint to serve
A lassie sae, he does but ill deserve.

Mau. Ye towin'd him tightly--I commend ye for't;
His bleeding snout ga'e me nae little sport:
For this forenoon he had that scant of grace,
And breeding baith--to tell me to my face,
He hop'd I was a witch; and wadna stand
To lend him in this case my helping hand.

Mad. A witch! how had ye patience this to bear,
And leave him een to see, or lugs to hear.

Mau. Auld wi' her'd hands and feeble joints like mine,
Obages took resentment to decline;
'Till aft 'tis seen, when vigour fails, then we
Wi' cunning can the lack of pith supply:
Thus I pat off revenge 'till it was dark,
Synce bad him come, and we shou'd gang to war.

I'm sure he'll keep his tryst; and I came here
To seek your help, that we the fool may fear.

Madge. And special sport we'll ha'e, as I protest;
Ye'll be the witch, and I shall play the ghaist;
A linen sheet wound round me like ane dead,
I'll cawk my face, and grane, and shake my head;
We'll fleg him sae, he'll mint nae mair to gang
A conjuring to do a lassie wrang.

Maufe. Then let us gae; for see, 'tis hard on night,
The westlin clouds shine red wi' setting light. [*Exe.*]

SCENE II.

*When birds begin to nod upon the bough,
And the green sward grows damp wi' falling dew,
While good Sir William is to rest retir'd,
The Gentle Shepherd, tenderly inspir'd,
Walks thro' the broom wi' Roger ever leel,
To meet, to comfort Meg, and tak' farewell.*

PATIE and ROGER.

Ro. **W**ow! but I'm cadgie, and my heart lowps light:
O, Mr Patrick! ay your thoughts were right;
Sure gentle fouk are farer seen than we,
That naithing ha'e to brag of pedigree.
My Jenny now, wha brak my heart this morn,
Is perfect yielding—sweet—and nae mair scorn:
I spake my mind—she heard—I spake again—
She smil'd—I kiss'd—I woo'd, nor woo'd in vain.

Pat. I'm glad to hear't—But O! my change this day
Heaves up my joy, and yet I'm sometimes wae.
I've found a father, gently kind as brave,
And an estate that lifts me 'boon the lave.
Wi' looks a' kindness, words that love confest,
He a' the father to my soul exprest,
While close he held me to his manly breast.
Such were the eyes, he said, thus smil'd the mouth
Of thy lov'd mother, blessing of my youth!
Who set too soon!—And while he praise bestow'd,
Adown his gracefu' cheeks a torrent flow'd.
My new-born joys, and this his tender tale,
Did, mingled thus, o'er a' my thoughts prevail:
That speechless lang, my late kend fire I view'd,
While gushing tears my panting breast bedew'd.

Unusual transports made my head turn round,
 Whilst I myself wi' rising raptures found,
 The happy son of ane sae much renown'd.
 But he has heard!—Too faithful Symion's fear
 Has brought my love for Peggy to his ear,
 Which he forbids —ah! this confounds my peace,
 While thus to beat, my heart shall sooner cease.

Rog. How to advise ye troth I'm at a stand;
 But wer't my case; ye'd clear it up aff hand.

Pat. Duty, and hasten reason, plead his cause;
 But what cares love for reason, rules and laws?
 Still in my heart my shepherdefs excells,
 And part of my new happiness rep-lls.

Or sung as follows. SANG XV.—Tune, Kirk wad let me be

Duty, and part of reason,
 Plead strong on the parent's side,
 Which love so superior calls treason:
 The strongest must be obey'd;
 For now, tho' I'm aye of the gentry,
 My constancy falsehood repells;
 For change in my heart has no entry,
 Still there my dear Peggy excells.

Rog. Enjoy them baith—Sir William will be won:
 Your Peggy's bonny—you're his only son.

Pat. She's mine by vows, and stronger ties of love;
 And frae these bands nae change my mind shall move
 I'll wed nane else, thro' life I will be true,
 But still obedience is a parent's due.

Rog. Is not our master and yourself to stay
 Among us here---or are ye gawn away
 To London court, or ither far aff parts,
 To leave your ain poor us wi' broken hearts?

Pat. To Edinburgh straight to-morrow we ad-
 To London neist, & afterward to France, [vance,
 Where I must stay some years, and learn to dance,
 And twa three other monkey tricks:--- That done,
 I come hame strutting in my red-heel'd shoon.
 Then 'tis design'd, when I can wiel behave,
 That I maun be some petted thing's dull slave,
 For some few bags of cash, that, I wat wiel,
 I nae mair need nor carts do a third wheel:

But Peggy, dearer to me than my breath,
Sooner than hear sic news, shall hear my death.

Rog. *They wha ha'e just enough can soundly sleep,
The o'ercome only fash'es fouk to keep—*

Good Master Patricks, tak' your ane tale hame

Pat. What was my morning thought, at night's the
The poor and rich but differ in the name. } same

Content's the greatest bliss we can procure

Frae 'boon the list-- without it kings are poor.

Rog. But an estate like yours yields braw content,
When we but pick it scantily on the bent:

Fine claiths, fast beds, sweet houses, and red wine,

Good cheer, and witty friends, whene'er ye dine;

Obeysant servants, honour, wealth and ease,

Wha's no content wi' 'thae are ill to please.

Pat. Sae Roger thinks, and thinks na far amiss,
But mony a cloud hings hovering o'er the bliss:

The passions rule the roast--and, if they're four,

Like the lean ky, will soon the fat devour:

The spleen, tint honour, and affronted pride,

Stang like the sharpest goads in gentry's side.

The gouts and gravels, and the ill disease,

Are frequentest wi' fouk o'erlaid wi' ease;

While o'er the muir the shepherd, wi' less care,

Enjoys his sober wish, and hale some air.

Rog. Lord, man! I wonder ay and it delights

My heart, whene'er I hearken to your flights;

How gat ye a' that sense, I fain wad lear,

That I may easier disappointments bear?

Pat. Frae books, the wale o' books, I gat some skill,

Thae best can teach what's real good and ill:

Ne'er grudge ilk year to ware some stanes of cheese,

To gain these silent friends that ever please

Rog. I'll do't, and ye shall tell me whilk to buy

Faith I'll ha'e books tho' I should sell my ky:

But now let's hear how you're design'd to move

Between Sir William's will, and Peggy's love.

Pat. Then here it lies-- his will maun be obey'd, }
My vows I'll keep, and she shall be my bride, }
But I some time this last design maun hie.

Keep you the secret close, and leave me here;
I sent for Peggy,—yonder comes my dear.

Rog. Pleas'd that ye trust me wi' the secret, I,
To wyle it frae me, a' the deils defy. [*Exit Roger.*]

Pat. [*solus*]. Wi' what a struggle maun I now im-
My father's will to her that hads my heart; (part
I ken she loes, and her fast faul will sink,
While it stands trembling on the hated brink
Of disappointment—Heav'n support my fair,
And let her comfort claim your tender care:
Her eyes are red! ———

Enter PEGGY.

—————My Peggy, why in tears?
Smile as ye wont, allow nae room for fears!
Tho' I'm nae mair a shepherd, yet I'm thine.

Peg. I dare na think sae high—I now repine
At the unhappy chance, that made na me
A gentle match, or still a herd kept thee.
Wha can, withouten pain, see frae the coast
The ship that bears his all like to be lost?
Like to be carried, by some rever's hand,
Far frae his wishes, to some distant land?

Pat. Ne'er quarrel fate, whilst it wi' me remains.
To raise thee up, or still attend these plains.
My father has forbid our loves, I own;
But love's superior to a parent's frown;
I falsehood hate; come, kiss thy cares away;
I ken to love as wiel as to obey.
Sir William's gen'rous; leave the task to me
To mak' strict duty and true love agree.

Peg. Speak on!—speak ever thus, and still my griefs
But short I dare to hope the fond relief.
New thoughts a gentler face will soon inspire,
That wi' nice air swims round in silk attire;
Then I! poor me!—wi' sighs may ban may fate,
When the young laird's nae mair my heartsome Pat.
Nae mair again to hear sweet tales express,
By the blyth shepherd that excell'd the rest;
Nae mair be envied by the tattling gang,
When Patie kiss'd me, when I danc'd or sang:

Nae mair, alake I we'll on the meadow play,
 And rin half breathless round the rucks of hay,
 As afitimes I ha'e fled from thee right fain,
 And sa'en on purpose that I might be tane :
 Nae mair around the Foggy-know I'll creep,
 To watch and stare upon thee while a-sleep.
 But hear my vow—'twill help to gi'e me ease,
 May sudden dearth, or deadly fair disease,
 And warst of ills, attend my wretched life,
 If e'er to ane but you I be a wife !

Or sung as follows. SANG XVI.—Tune, *Was's my heart that*
should sunder

Speak on,—speak thus, and still my grief,
 Hold up a heart that's sinking under
 These fears, that soon will want relief,
 When Pate must from his Peggy sunder.
 A gentler face and silk attire,
 A lady rich in beauty's blossom,
 Alake, poor me ! will now conspire,
 To steal thee from thy Peggy's bosom.
 Nae mair the shepherd who excell'd
 The rest, whose wit made them to wonder,
 Shall now his Peggy's praises tell :
 Ah ! I can die, but never sunder.
 Ye meadows where we aften stray'd,
 Ye banks where we were wont to wander,
 Sweet-scented rucks round which we play'd,
 You'll less your sweets when we're asunder.
 Again, ah ! shall I never creep
 Around the know with silent duty,
 Kindly to watch thee while asleep,
 And wonder at thy manly beauty ?
 Hear, Heav'n, while solemnly I vow,
 Tho' thou should'st prove a wand'ring lover,
 Thro' life to thee I shall prove true,
 Nor be a wife to any other.

Pat. Sure, Heav'n approves—and be assur'd o' me
 I'll ne'er gang back o' what I've sworn to thee :
 And time, tho' time maun interpose a while,
 And I maun leave my Peggy and this isle,
 Yet time, nor distance, nor the fairest face,
 If there's a fairer, e'er shall fill thy place.
 I'd hate my rising fortune, should it move
 The fair foundation of our faithfu' love.

If at my feet were crowns and sceptres laid,
To bribe my soul frae thee, delightfu' maid!
For thee I'd soon leave these inferior things
To sic as ha'e the patience to be kings.—

Wherefore that tear? believe, and calm thy mind.

Peg. I greet for joy, to hear thy words sae kind;
When hopes were sunk, and nought but mirk despair
Made me think life was little worth my care:
My heart was like to burst; but now I see
Thy gen'rous thoughts will save thy love for me:
Wi' patience then I'll wait each wheeling year,
Hope time away, till thou wi' joy appear;
And all the while I'll study gentler charms,
To mak' me fitter for my trav'ler's arms:
I'll gain on uncle Glaud—he's far frae fool,
And will not grudge to put me thro' ilk school,
Where I may manners learn.—

SANG XVII.—Tune, *Tweedside.*

When hope was quite sunk in despair,
My heart it was going to break;
My life appear'd worthless my care,
But now I will save't for thy sake.
Where'er my love travels by day,
Wherever he lodges by night,
Wi' me his dear image shall stay,
And my soul keep him ever in sight.
Wi' patience I'll wait the lang year,
And study the gentlest charms;
Hope time away till thou appear,
To lock thee for ay in these arms.
Whilst thou wast a shepherd, I priz'd
No higher degree in this life;
But now I'll endeavour to rise
To a height that's becoming thy wife.
For beauty that's only skin deep,
Must fade like the gowans in May,
But inwardly rooted, will keep
For ever, without a decay.
Nor age, nor the changes of life,
Can quench the fair fire of love,
If virtue's ingrain'd in the wife,
And the husband ha'e sense to approve.

Pat. ——— That's wisely said;
And what he wares that way shah be well paid.

Tho', without a' the little helps of art,
 Thy native sweets might gain a prince's heart :
 Yet now, left in our station we offend,
 We must learn modes to innocence unkend ;
 Affe& aft times to like the thing we hate,
 And drap serenity to keep up state ; {say,
 Laugh when we're sad, speak when we've nought to
 And, for the fashion, when we're blyth seem wae ;
 Pay compliments to them we aft ha'e scorn'd,
 Then scandalize them when their backs are turn'd.

Peg. If this is gentry, I had rather be
 What I am still---but I'll be ought wi' thee.

Patie. Na, na, my Peggy, I but only jest
 Wi' gentry's apes; for still amangst the best,
 Good manners gi'e integrity a bleeze,
 When native virtues join the arts to please.

Peg. Since wi' nae hazard, and sae sma' expence,
 My lad frae books can gather siccan sense;
 Then why, ah! why shou'd the tempestuous sea
 Endanger thy dear life and frighten me?
 Sir William's cruel, that wad force his son,
 For watna-whats, sae great a risk to run.

Pat. There is nae doubt but travelling does improve;
 Yet I wou'd shun it for thy sake, my love :
 But soon as I've shook off my landwart cast
 In foreign cities, hame to thee I'll haste.

Peg. Wi' every setting day, and rising morn,
 I'll kneel to Heav'n, and ask thy safe return,
 Under that tree, and on the Suckler Brae,
 Where aft we wont, when bairns, to rin and play;
 And to the Hissel-shaw, where first ye vow'd
 Ye wad be mine, and I as eithly trow'd,
 I'll aften gang, and tell the trees and flow'rs,
 Wi' joy, that they'll bear witness I am yours.

Or sung as follows. SANG XVIII.—Tune, *Bush aben Traquair*.

At setting day, and rising morn,
 Wi' soul that still shall love thee,
 I'll ask of Heaven thy safe return,
 Wi' a' that can improve thee.
 All visit aft the birken bush,
 Where first thou kindly tald me

Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush,
 Whilst round thou didst enfold me.
 To a' our haunts I will repair,
 By greenwood shaw or fountain:
 Or where the summer day I'd share
 Wi' thee upon yon mountain.
 There will I tell the trees and flow'rs,
 From thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
 By vows you're mine, by love is your's,
 A heart which cannot wander.

Patie. My dear, allow me frae thy temples fair
 A shining ringlet of thy flowing hair,
 Which, as a sample of each lovely charm,
 I'll aften kiss, and wear about my arm.

Peg. Wer't in my pow'r wi' better boons to please,
 I'd gi'e the best I cou'd wi' the same ease;
 Nor wad I, if thy luck had fallen to me,
 Been in ae jot less generous to thee.

Pat. I doubt it not; but since we've little time,
 To ware't on words wad border on a crime;
 Love's faster meaning better is exprest,
 When 'tis wi' kisses on the heart imprest. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

*See how poor Bauldy stares like an posses,
 And roars up Symon frae his kindly rest.
 Bare-legg'd, wi' night-cap, and unbutton'd coat,
 See the auld man comes forward to the sot.*

SYMON and BAULDY.

Sy. **W**HAT want ye, Bauldy, at this early hour,
 Whiledrowsy sleep keeps a' beneath its pow'r?
 Far to the north the scant approaching light
 Stands equal 'twixt the morning and the night.
 What gars ye shake, and glowr, and look fae wan?
 Your teeth they chitter, hair like bristles stan'.

Baul. O len me soon some water, milk, or ale,
 My head's grown giddy---legs wi' shaking fail;
 I'll ne'er dare venture forth at night my lane;
 Alake! I'll never be mysell again.
 I'll ne'er o'erput it! Symon! O Symon! O!

[*Symon gives him a drink.*]

Sym. What ails thee, gowk! to mak' so loud ado?

You've wak'd Sir William, he has left his bed
He comes, I fear, ill pleas'd, I hear his tread.

Enter SIR WILLIAM.

S. W. How goes the night? does day-light yet
Symon, ye're very timeously after. *(appears)*

Sym. I'm sorry, Sir, that we've disturb'd your rest,
But some strange thing has Bauldy's sp'rit oppress,
He's seen some witch, or wrestled wi' a ghaist. }

Baul. O ay,—dear Sir, in troth 'tis very true,
And I am come to mak' my plaint to you.

Sir Will. *(smiling)* I lang to hear't—

Baul. ——— Ah! Sir, the witch ca'd Maufe
That wins aboon the mill amang the haws,
First promis'd that she'd help me wi' her art,
To gain a bonny thrawart lassie's heart:
As she had trysted, I met wi'er this night,
But may nae friend of mine get sic a fright!
For the curst hag, instead of doing me good,
(The very thought o't's like to freeze my blood!)
Rais'd up a ghaist or de'il, I kenna whilk,
Like a dead corse in sheet as white as milk;
Black hands it had, and face as wan as death,
Upon me fast the witch and it fell baith,
And gat me down; while I, like a great fool,
Was labour'd as I wout to be at school.
My heart out of its hool was like to lowp,
I pithless grew wi' fear, and had nae hope,
Till, wi' an elritch laugh, they vanish'd quite:
Syne I, haff dead wi' anger, fear, and spite,
Crap up, and fled straight frae them, Sir, to you,
Hoping your help to gi'e the de'il his due:
I'm sure my heart will ne'er gi'e o'er to dunt,
Till in a fat tar-barrel Maufe be brunt. *(be;)*

S. W. Wiel, Bauldy, whate'er's just shall granted
Let Maufe be brought this morning down to me.

Baul. Thanks to your Honour, soon shall I obey;
But first I'll Roger raise, and twa three mae,
To catch her fast, ere she get leave to squeel,
And cast her cantrairs that bring up the de'il. *[Exit.]*

S. W. Troth, Symon, Bauldy's more afraid than hurt,
The witch and ghast have mad themselves good sport.
What silly notions crowd the clouded mind,
That is through want of education blind! (thing,

Sym. But does your Honour think there's nae sic
As witches raising de'ils up thro' a ring,
Syne playing tricks? A thousand I cou'd tell,
Cou'd never be contriv'd on this side hell.

S. W. Such as the devil's dancing in a muir,
Amongst a few old women, craz'd and poor,
Who are rejoic'd to see him frisk and loup
O'er braes and bogs, wi' candles in his doup;
Appearing sometimes like a black horn'd cow,
Aftimes like bawty, bawdrans, or a sow;
Then wi' his train thro' airy paths to glide
While they on cats, or clowns, or broomstuffs ride,
Or in an egg-shell skim out o'er the main,
To drink their leader's health in France or Spain;
Then aft by night bumbaze hare-hearted fools,
By tumbling down their cupboards, chairs, and stools.
Whate'er's in spells, or if there witches be,
Such whimsies seem the most absurd to me.

Symon. 'Tis true enough, we ne'er heard that a
Had either meikle sense, or yet was rich: (witch
But Maufe, tho' poor, is a sagacious wife,
And lives a quiet and very honest life:
That gars me think this hoble shew that's past
Will land in naething but a joke at last.

S. W. I'm sure it will, but see increasing light
Commands the imps of darkness down to night;
Bid raise my servants, and my horse prepare,
Whilst I walk out to take the morning air.

SANG XIX.—*Bonny grey-ey'd morn.*

The bonny grey-ey'd morn begins to peep,
And darkness flies before the rising ray,
The hearty hind starts from his lazy sleep,
To follow healthful labours of the day;
Without a guilty sting to wrinkle his brow,
The lark and the linnæ 'tend his levee,
And he joins their concert, driving the plow,
From toil of grimace and pageantry free,

While fluster'd with wine, or madden'd with loss
 Of half an estate, the prey of a main,
 The drunkard and gamester tumble and toss,
 Wishing for calmness and slumber in vain.
 Be my portion, health and quietness of mind,
 Plac'd at a due distance from parties and state,
 Where neither ambition nor avarice blind,
 Reach him who has happiness link'd to his fate.

Expt.

SCENE II.

*While Peggy laces up her bosom fair,
 Wi' a blut snood Jenny binds up her hair;
 Glau by his morning naple takes a beek,
 The rising sun shines mottly thro' the reek:
 A pipe his mouth, the lasses please his een,
 And now and then his jock maun interveen.*

GLAUD, JENNY and PEGGY.

Gla. I wish, my bairns, it may keep fair till night,
 Ye dinna use sae soon to see the light;
 Nae doubt now ye intend to mix the thrang,
 To tak' your leave of Patrick or he gang:
 But do you think that now when he's a laird,
 That he poor landwart lasses will regard?

Jen. Tho' he's young master now, I'm very sure
 He has mair sense than slight auld friends, tho' poor:
 But yesterday he gae us mony a tug,
 And kiss'd my cousin there frae lug to lug.

Gla. Ay, ay, nae doubt o't, and he'll do't again;
 But, be advis'd, his company refrain:
 Before, he, as a shepherd, fought a wife,
 Wi' her to live a chaste and frugal life;
 But now grown gentle, soon he will forsake
 Sic godly thoughts, and brag of being a rake.

Peg. A rake! what's that!--Sure, if it means
 He'll never be't, else I ha'e tint my skill. (ought ill,

Glaud. Daft lassie, ye ken nought of the affair,
 Ane young and good and gentle's unco rare:
 A rake's a graceless spark, that thinks nae shame
 To do what like of us thinks sin to name;
 Sic are sae void of shame, they'll never stop
 To brag how aften they ha'e had the clap: (flush'd,
 They'll tempt young things like you, wi' youdith
 Syne mak' ye a' their jest when ye're debauch'd.

Be warry then, I say, and never gi'e
Encouragement, or bourd wi' sic as he.

Peg. Sir William's virtuous, and of gentle blood;
And may not Patrick too, like him, be good;

Gla. That's true, and mony gentry mae than he,
As they are wiser, better are than we,
But thinner sawn; they're sae puft up wi' pride,
There's mony of them mocks ilk haly guide
That shaws the gate to heav'n;—I've heard mysell,
Some o' them laugh at doomsday, sin, and hell.

Jen. Watch o'er us, father! heh! that's very odd,
Sure him that doubts a doomsday, doubts a God.

Gla. Doubt! why they neither doubt, nor judge,
nor think,
Nor hope, nor fear; but curse, debauch, and drink;
But I'm no saying this, as if I thought
That Patrick to sic gates will e'er be brought.

Peg. The Lord forbid! Na, he kens better things;
But here comes aunt, her face some ferly brings.

ENTER MADGE.

Mad. Haste, haste ye, we're a' sent for o'er the gate,
To hear, and help to redd some odd debate
'I'ween Maufe & Bauldy, 'bout some witchcraft spell,
At Symon's house, the knight sits judge himsell.

Gla. Lend me my staff; Madge, lock the outer door,
And bring the lasses wi' ye; I'll stap before. [*Exit.*]

Mad. Poor Meg! Look, Jenny, was the like e'er seen?
How bleer'd and red wi' greeting look her een!
This day her brankan wooer taks his horse,
To strut a gentle spark at Edinburgh cross:
To change his kent, cut frae the branchy plain,
For a nice sword and glancing-headed cane;
To leave his ram-horn spoons, and kitted whey,
For gentler tea, that smells like new-won hay;
To leave the green-sward dance, when we gae milk,
To rustle 'mang the beauties clad in silk,
But Meg, poor Meg! maun wi' the shepherd stay,
And tak' what God will send in hoddin-gray.

Peg. Dear aunt, what needs ye fash us wi' your scorn;
 Its no my faut that I'm nae gentler born.
 Gif the daughter of some laird had been,
 I ne'er had notic'd Patie on the green:
 Now since he rises, why should I repine?
 If he's made for anither, he'll ne'er be mine:
 And then, the like has been, if the decree
 Designs him mine, I yet his wife may be
Mad. A bonny story, troth!—But we delay;
 Prin up your aprons baith, and come away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*Sir William fills the two-arm'd chair,
 While Symon, Roger, Glaud, and Maufe
 Attend, and wi' loud laughter bear
 Daft Bauldy bluntly plead his cause:
 For now 'tis tell'd him that the tax
 Was banded by revengefu' Madge,
 Because he brak' good breeding's laws.
 And wi' his nonsense rai'd their rage.*

SIR WILLIAM, PATIE, ROGER, SYMON, GLAUD,
 BAULDY and MAUSE.

S W. **A**ND was that all? Wicl, Bauldy, ye was serv'd
 No otherwise than what ye well deserv'd.
 Was it so small a matter to defame,
 And thus abuse an honest woman's name?
 Besides your going about to have betray'd
 By perjury, an innocent young maid.

Baul. Sir, I confess my faut thro' a' the steps,
 And ne'er again shall be untrue to Neps.

Maufe. Thus far, Sir, he oblig'd me on the score,
 I kend na that they thought me sic before.

Baul. An't like your Honour, I believ'd it wicl;
 But troth I was e'en doilt to seek the de'il;
 Yet, wi' your Honour's leave, tho' she's nae witch,
 She's baith a flee and a revengefu' —,
 And that my *fems-place* finds;—but I had best
 Had in my tongue, for yonder comes the *ghaist*,
 And the young bonny *witch*, whase rosy cheek
 Sent me, without my wit, the de'il to seek.

Enter MADGE, PEGGY and JENNY.

Sir William looking at Peggy.

Whose daughter's she that wears th' Aurora gown,
With face so fair, and locks a lovely brown?
How sparkling are her eyes! what's this! I find
The girl brings all my sister to my mind.
Such were the features once adorn'd a face,
Which death too soon depriv'd of sweetest grace.
Is this your daughter, Glaud?—

Glaud. ———— *Sir,* she's my niece—

And yet she's not—but I should hald my peace.

S. W. This is a contradiction; what d'ye mean?
She is, and is not! pray thee, Glaud, explain.

Gla. Because I doubt, if I should mak' appear
What I have kept a secret thirteen year—

Mause. You may reveal what I can fully clear. }

S. W. Speak soon; I'm all impatience!—

Patie. ———— *So am I!*

For much I hope, and hardly yet know why.

Gla.— Then, since my master orders, I obey—

This bonny foundling ae clear morn of May,
Close by the lee-side of my door I found,
All sweet and clean, and carefully hapt round,
In infant weeds of rich and gentle make.
What cou'd they be, thought I, did thee forsake?
Wha, warse than brutes, cou'd leave expos'd to air,
Sae much of innocence, sae sweetly fair,
Sae helpless young? for she appear'd to me
Only about twa towmonds auld to be.

I took her in my arms, the bairnie smil'd

Wi' sic a look wad made a savage mild.

I hid the story: she has pass'd sinfyne

As a poor orphan, and a niece of mine:

Nor do I rue my care about the wean,

For she's well worth the pains that I ha'e ta'en.

Ye see she's bonny; I can swear she's good,

And am right sure she's come of gentle blood;

Of whom I kenna—naething ken I mair,

Than what I to your Honour now declare.

Sir Will. This tale seems strange!—

Pat. — The tale delights my ear? [appear.

S. W. Command your joys, young man, till truth

Mau. That be my task. — Now, Sir, bid a' be hush,
Peggy may smile — Thou hast nae cause to blush
Lang ha'e I wish'd to see this happy day,
That I might safely to the truth gi'e way;
That I may now Sir William Worthy name
The best and nearest friend that she can claim.
He saw't at first, and wi' quick eye did trace
His Sister's beauty in her daughter's face.

S. W. Old woman, do not rave — prove what you
'Tis dangerous in affairs like this to play. say;

Pat. What reason, Sir, can an auld woman have
To tell a lie, when she's fae near her grave?
But how, or why, it should be truth, I grant,
I every thing looks like a reason want.

Omnes. The story's odd! we wish we heard it out.

S. W. Make haste, good woman, and resolve
each doubt.

[Mause goes forward, leading Peggy to Sir William.]

Mau. Sir, view me wiel: has fifteen years so plow'd
A wrinkled face that you ha'e aften view'd,
That here I, as an unknown stranger, stand,
Who nurs'd her mother that now holds my hand? }
Yet stronger proofs I'll gi'e if you demand.

S. W. Ha! honest nurse, where were my eyes
I know thy faithfulness, I need no more; (before
Yet from the lab'rinth, to lead out my mind,
Say, to expose her, who was so unkind?

[Sir William embraces Peggy, and makes her sit by him.]
Yes, surely, thou'rt my niece; truth must prevail:
But no more words 'till Mause relate her tale.

Pat. Good nurse gae on; nae music's half sae fine,
Or can gi'e pleasure like these words of thine.

Mau. Then it was I that sav'd her infant life,
Her death being threaten'd by an uncle's wife.
The story's lang; but I the secret knew,
How they pursu'd wi' avaricious view
Her rich estate, of which they're now possessors
All this to me a confident confessor.

I heard wi' horror, and wi' trembling dread,
 They'd smoor the sakeless orphan in her bed.
 That very night, when a' were sunk in rest,
 At midnight hour the floor I softly prest,
 And staw the sleeping innocent away,
 Wi' whom I travell'd some few miles ere day.
 A' day I hid me;—when the day was done,
 I kept my journey, lighted by the moon,
 'Till eastward fifty miles I reach'd these plains,
 Where needfu' plenty glads your cheerful swains:
 Afraid of being found out, I to secure
 My charge, e'en laid her at this shepherd's door;
 And took a neighbouring cottage here, that I,
 Whate'er shou'd happen to her, might be by,
 Here, honest Glaud himsell, and Symon may
 Remember wiel, how I that very day
 Frae Roger's father took my little cove.

Glaud. (with tears of joy happing down his beard)

I wiel remember't; Lord reward your love!
 Lang ha'e I wish'd for this: for aft I thought
 Sic knowledge some time should about be brought.

Pat. 'Tis now a crime to doubt—my joys are full,
 Wi' due obedience to my parent's will.

Sir, wi' paternal love survey her charms,
 And blame me not for rushing to her arms:
 She's mine by vows, and wou'd, tho' still unknown,
 Ha'e been my wife, when I my vows durst own.

S. W. My niece, my daughter, welcome to my care,
 Sweet image of thy mother, good and fair,
 Equal with Patrick: now my greatest aim
 Shall be to aid your joys, and well match'd flame.
 My boy, receive her from your father's hand,
 With as good will as either would demand.

[Patie and Peggy embrace, and kneel to Sir William.]

Patie. Wi' as much joy this blessing I receive,
 As ane wad life that's sinking in a wave.

S. W. [raises them] I give you both my blessings;
 may your love
 Produce a happy race, and still improve.

Peggy. My wishes are complete—my joys arise,
While I'm half dizzy wi' the blest surprise.
And am I then a match for my ain lad,
That for me so much generous kindness had?
Lang may Sir William bless these happy plains,
Happy while Heav'n grant he on them remains.

Pat. Be lang our guardian, still our master be;
We'll only crave what you shall please to gie:
The estate be your's; my Peggy's ane to me.

Glaud. I hope your Honour now will tak' amends
Of them that sought her life for wicked ends.

S. W. The base unnatural villain soon shall know,
That eyes above watch the affairs below.
I'll strip him soon of all to her pertains,
And make him reimburse his ill-got gains.

Peg. To me the views of wealth and an estate,
Seem light when put in balance with my Pate;
For his sake only, I'll ay thankful bow
For such a kindness, *best of men*, to you.

Sym. What double blythness wakens up this day!
I hope now, Sir, you'll no soon haste away.
Shall I unsaddle your horse, and gar prepare
A dinner for ye of hale country fare?
See how much joy unwrinkles every brow;
Our looks hing on the twa, and doat on you:
Even Bauldy the bewitch'd, has quite forgot
Fell Madge's taz, and pawky Maufe's plot.

S. W. Kindly old man; remain with you this day!
I never from these fields again will stray:
Masons and wrights my house shall soon repair,
And busy gard'ners shall new planting rear:
My father's hearty table you soon shall see
Restor'd, and my best friends rejoice with me.

Sym. That's the best news I heard this twenty year!
New day breaks up, rough times begin to clear.

Gla. God save the king, and save Sir William lang
T' enjoy their ain, and raise the shepherd's sang.

Roger. Wha winna dance, wha will refuse to sing?
What shepherd's whistle winna likt the spring?

Baul. I'm friends wi' Maufe—wi' very Madge I'm.
Altho' they skelpit me when woodly fled; gree'd,
I'm now fu' blyth, and frankly can forgive,
To join and sing, "Lang may Sir William live."

Mad. Lang may he live—and Bauldy, learn to steek
Your gab a wee, and think before ye speak;
And never ca' her auld that wants a man,
Else ye may yet some witch's fingers ban.
This day I'll wi' the youngest of you rant,
And brag for ay that I was ca'd the aunt
Of our young lady—my dear bonny bairn!

Peggy. Nae other name I'll ever for you learn:
And my good nurse; how shall I grateful be
For a thy matchless kindness done for me?

Mou. The flowing pleasures of this happy day
Does fully a' I can require repay.

S. W. To faithful Symon, and, kind Glaud to you,
And to your heirs, I give in endless feu,
The mailens ye possess, as justly due,
For acting like kind fathers to the pair,
Who have enough besides, and these can spare;
Mause in my house, in calmness, close your days,
With nought to do but sing your Maker's praise.

Omnes. The Lord of heaven return your honour's
Confirm your joys, and a' your blessings roove. (love,

Patie presenting Roger to Sir William.

Sir, here's my trusty friend, that always shar'd
My bosom secrets, ere I was a laird:
Glaud's daughter, Janet, (Jenny, think nae shame),
Rais'd and maintains in him a lover's flame:
Lang was he dumb, at last he spake and won,
And hopes to be our honest uncle's son;
Be pleas'd to speak to Glaud for his consent,
That nane may wear a face of discontent.

S. W. My son's demand is fair—Glaud, let me crave,
That trusty Roger my your daughter have
With frank consent; and while he does remain
Upon these fields, I make him chamberlain.

Gla. You crowd your bounties, Sir; what can we
But that we're dyvours that can ne'er repay? (say }
Whate'er your Honour wills, I shall obey.

Roger, my daughter wi' my blessing tak,
And still our master's right your business mak'.
Please him, be faithful, and this auld gray head
Shall nod wi' quietness down amang the dead.

Reg. I ne'er was good o' speaking a' my days,
Or ever loo'd to mak' o'er great a fraise;
But for my master, father, and my wife,
I will employ the cares of a' my life.

S. W. My friends, I'm satisfy'd you'll all behave,
Each in his station, as I'd wish or crave.
Be ever virtuous, soon or late you'll find
Reward and satisfaction to your mind.
The maze of life sometimes looks dark and wild!
And oft when hopes are highest, we're beguild.
Oft when we stand on brinks of dark despair,
Some happy turn with joy dispels our care.
Now all's at rights, who sings best, let me hear.

Peg. When you demand, I readiest should obey;
I'll sing you ane, the newest that I ha'e.

SANG XX—*Corn riggs are bonny.*

My Patie is a lover gay,
His mind is never muddy;
His breath is sweeter than new hay,
His face is fair and ruddy:
His shape is handsome, middle size;
He's comely in his wanking;
The shining of his een surprize;
'Tis heav'n to hear him tauking.
Last night I met him on a bank,
Where yellow corn was growing,
There mony a kindly word he spak',
That set my heart a glowing.
He kiss'd and vow'd he wad be mine,
And loo'd me best of ony,
That gars me like to sing finfyne,
O corn riggs are bonny.
Let lassies of a silly mind
Refuse what maist they're wanting!
Since we for yielding were design'd,
We chasterly should be granting.
Then I'll comply and marry Patie,
And tync my cockernony,
He's free to towzle air or late,
While corn riggs are bonny.

FINIS.



